McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XVIII. NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 1.

WHAT THE U. S. STEEL CORPORATION REALLY IS, AND HOW IT WORKS.

By Ray Stannard Baker,

Author of character sketch, "J. Pierpont Morgan."

THE capitol of the United States Steel Corporation is in New York, just below Trinity Church and convenient to the head of Wall Street. It is a precipitous building, twenty-one stories high, called "The Empire." Around a corner and one short block away is the office of J. Pierpont Morgan, to whom of a bright morning comes President Charles M. Schwab, of the Steel Corporation, walking down from his capitol—a plain, sturdy man in a worn sack coat and black derby hat. A stone's throw below The Empire, toward the Battery, rises that other capitol of industry where the inscrutable Mr. Rockefeller directs the colossal business of the Standard Oil Company. The two capitols, as I shall point out later, are connected by an invisible but by no means tenuous web, spun in the new pattern variously known as "community of interest," "combination," "community of control."

President Schwab occupies an office on the eighteenth floor of The Empire, where he can look out over the smoky top of west New York, across the Hudson, and far into New Jersey. On the floor below him are the offices of ex-Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the executive committee, and around about them are the vice-president, the general council, the secretary, the treasurer, the members of the executive committee, which may be called the president's cabinet, and the rooms of the board of directors, which is the corporation's Congress. Here also are grouped the headquarters of several of the subsidiary corporations—the Carnegie Steel Company, the Federal Steel Company, the American Steel and Wire Company, and others, once regarded as giants of industry, but now overshadowed by the new power. Several of the greatest rivals of the corporation, as if to fight at close quarters, occupy offices on other floors of the same building.

From this brain-center is directed a business so extensive that few people possess anything but the vaguest conception of its magnitude, organization, and methods of operation. It is indiscriminately denominated a "trust," a "combination," a "monopoly," and abused or extolled offhand according to the political or financial predisposition of the individual. One who attempts to grasp it abstractly in its entirety finds the process like trying to realize the extent and purchasing power of a billion dollars in gold eagles. We have been thinking in terms of hundreds or thousands of dollars, and find ourselves suddenly called upon to think in billions, and because we do not immediately succeed, we feel somehow that the organization and operation of the great corporation are intentionally shrouded in secrecy. But this is hardly the case. In their recent testimony before the Industrial Commission of the United States Congress, Mr. Schwab, Judge Gary, and other prominent officers and attorneys of the Steel Corporation spoke with the utmost freedom of the organization and purposes of the so-called "trust," and of its component corporations, even to the extent of furnishing statistics relative to certain branches of their business. They have also spoken and written freely for pub-

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lication elsewhere. A British publication ("The Contemporary Review") expresses astonishment at the "extraordinary frankness" of President Schwab and his colleagues as to the intentions of their organization, so "that we are really more fully informed thereon than we are about the ambitions and methods of our family grocer."

It is not an uncommon impression that J. Pierpont Morgan, having more money at his disposal than he knew what to do with, conceived the idea of buying up and combining under one management a number of steel properties, seeking thereby to make large promoter's profits and to establish a sort of "monopoly" in the steel business. But the Steel Corporation was not a sporadic promoter's enterprise, being the product of conditions rather than of men; and while the corporation seemed to burst suddenly upon the public view, its seeds had long been germinating. Many of the men who were prominent in the organization were unquestionably forced into it against their will. If the truth were known, it is probable that Mr. Morgan himself undertook the task out of necessity, and that the responsibilities of piloting the stupendous enterprise to success, knowing as he did that his reputation was at stake, must have weighed heavily upon him. Like the German Empire, the Steel Corporation was "squeezed into existence"; a number of mighty concerns, on the brink of war, were brought together because they dared not remain independent. And Andrew Carnegie, the man of all men who was most responsible for the Steel Corporation, had no desire to see it organized.

From a photo by Falk.

PRESIDENT CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Born 1862, in Pennsylvania; was educated in a Catholic School, graduating at the age of eighteen; beginning with nothing, worked first as a stake-driver for day's wages, then in various subsidiary positions for the Carnegie Steel Company, of which he became the President in 1896.

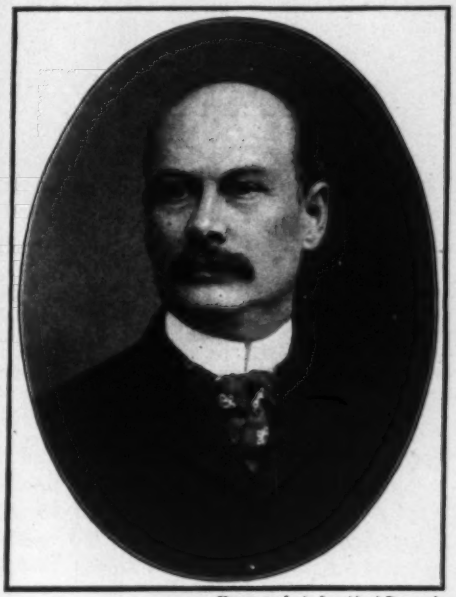
When Mr. Carnegie embarked extensively in steel-making, the various industries which combine in producing steel—the iron-mines, coal-mines, lime-quarries, coke-ovens, blast and Bessemer furnaces, and so on—were owned for the most part by separate companies; so that when he, as a steel-maker, needed raw materials he was compelled to bargain with Jones & Co. for coal, with Smith & Co. for iron-ore, with Jackson for coke, and so on down the list, and then he was compelled to pay freight on various railroad and steamship lines. He was never sure of securing the supplies he wanted when he wanted them, and at reasonable prices. Mr. Carnegie, feeling the inconvenience and the money losses incident to this system, sought a better way. A few older concerns had already tried the experiment of owning their own coal and in some cases iron mines. Mr. Carnegie greatly extended this system, acquiring not only iron and coal mines, but coke-ovens, building or leasing his own railroad and steamship lines, until finally his company controlled every step in the process of steel-making, from ore mine to steel billet or ingot.* In other words, by becoming independent or "self-contained," he was enabled to put the profits of the various branches of the industry in his own pocket, and, by extending his plants and introducing the most approved machinery, soon became the greatest steel-maker in the world. An Englishman who visited the Carnegie works a year or so ago was apparently unmoved until, at the close of his inspection, he asked his guide how much steel was there produced. The answer was, "The output of the Carnegie Company, alone, equals about three-quarters of the entire product of Great Britain."

But other great steel-makers were quick to perceive the secret of Mr. Carnegie's success, and they, too, began to combine, buy up coal and ore mines, and make themselves independent; and some of them who

* The incorporation of the Carnegie Company brought together no fewer than twenty-seven different companies.

had formerly purchased the crude steel billets and ingots from Mr. Carnegie to make into steel tubes, wire, tin-plate, and other finished products, found that they could make their own billets more cheaply than they could buy of Mr. Carnegie. And they were in themselves gigantic combinations or "trusts," all completely or nearly self-contained. A single one of them, the Federal Steel Company, having $99,000,000 issued capital, was until the organization of the United States Steel Corporation the greatest corporation in the world, controlling the steel business of Chicago, Milwaukee, Joliet, Ill., Lorain, O., and Johnstown, Pa.,* a large number of iron-ore mines in the Northwest, and of coking coal in Pennsylvania, besides extensive railroad and steamship transportation facilities. Indeed, six large corporations, with several subsidiary railroad, coal, and iron companies, were combined in forming the Federal Steel Company.

Mr. Carnegie, perceiving that his competitors were pushing his system a step further than he himself had planned, and that his market for crude steel was threatened, immediately planned to build enormous works for manufacturing his crude steel into tubes and kindred completed products. With his reputation for Scotch determination, backed by the best organized and most compact industrial institution of its kind in the world, it was not unnatural that his rivals, big as they were, should look upon the new move with alarm. There were two courses open to them: fight or buy. Now, Mr. Morgan had assisted in bringing the Federal Steel Company and two of the other great steel corporations into the world, and he and his associates were still largely interested in them. Mr. Morgan is as much a fighter as Mr. Carnegie, but he knows when to fight and when to buy. Fighting in this case meant losses to every one concerned. Mr. Carnegie's price for his plants was enormous, and he plainly hinted that unless the purchase was made immediately the price would go higher still. But Mr. Morgan did not hesitate; the price was promptly paid, and the Carnegie Steel Company and nine other great corporations were combined to form the colossal United States Steel Corporation.*



From a photo by Aimé Dupont.

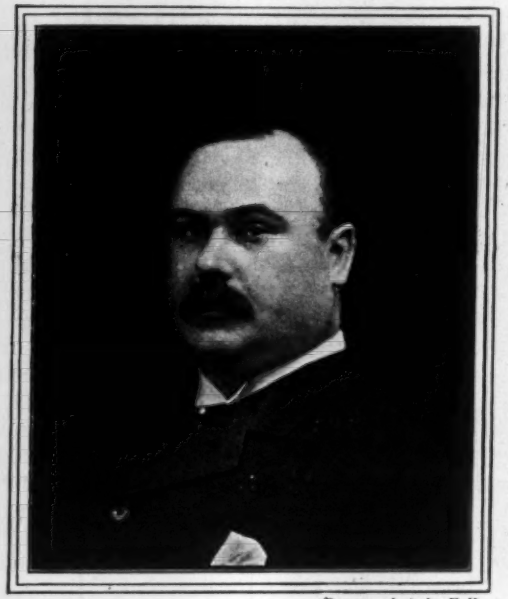
JUDGE E. H. GARY, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Born 1846; attended Wheaton College and Chicago University, graduating in 1867; Mayor of Wheaton, Ill.; county judge; practised law in Chicago twenty-five years, becoming counsel for many large corporations, and finally president of the Federal Steel Company, for a time the corporation with the largest capitalization of any in the world.

Never before had there been such a huge business deal, and yet it was consummated with astonishing celerity. Mr. Morgan began the work of organization in December, 1900, and the earliest announcements of the enterprise appeared in February and March, 1901. In April the corporation began work. The total cost of all the steel plants, mines, steamship and railroad lines purchased, as it appears on the corporation books, was about $1,300,000,000. Partial payment was made with the capital stock of the new corporation, which amounted to $1,100,000,000 ($550,000,000 preferred and $550,000,000 common stock), and for the remainder the corporation went into debt; that is, issued bonds for about $304,000,000. The actual cost of organizing the corporation—Mr. Morgan's work—as it appears on the books is about $750,000, much less than is popularly supposed. Of this sum $220,000, $200 on every million dollars of capital stock,

* The old Illinois Steel Company, the chief company in Federal Steel, was long the power in the West as Carnegie was the power in the East. The Illinois Steel Company owned extensive ore mines before Carnegie touched ore, and it also controlled coal properties.

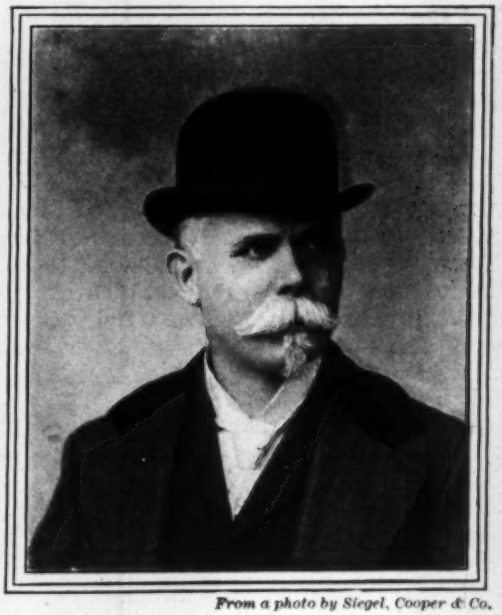
* Following is a list of the ten companies and corporations composing the United States Steel Corporation, with the capital valuations of each: The Carnegie Steel Company, $160,000,000; the Federal Steel Company, $99,745,000; the American Steel and Wire Company, $90,000,000; the National Tube Company, $80,000,000; the American Bridge Company, $70,000,000; the National Steel Company, $59,000,000; the American Sheet Steel Company, $49,000,000; the American Tin Plate Company, $46,325,000; the American Steel Hoop Company, $33,000,000, and the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines (Rockefeller interests), $90,000,000. Total, approximately, $717,070,000; capitalization of the Steel Corporation, $1,100,000,000.



From a photo by Falk.

DANIEL G. REID, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Born 1858, in Richmond, Indiana; common-school education; began work as office boy in the Second National Bank of his native town at the age of sixteen, and rose to the vicepresidency; in 1891, treasurer of the American Tin Plate Company of Elwood, Indiana; in 1898, president of the American Tin Plate Company, with $46,000,000 capital; and director in three other of the great corporations consolidated in the United States Steel Corporation.



From a photo by Siegel, Cooper & Co.

WM. EDENBORN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Born 1848, in Prussia, where he learned the trade of wire drawing; came to America at nineteen, and went to work in Pittsburg; afterwards, in St. Louis, he drew the first wire ever produced west of Cincinnati; in 1877 formed the St. Louis Wire Mill Company, which by growth and combination became the Consolidated Steel and Wire Company, of which he was president; upon the formation of the $90,000,000 American Steel and Wire Company in 1898 he became vice president

was paid to the State of New Jersey for the fees of incorporation.*

It is difficult to convey any adequate idea of the magnitude of the Steel Corporation. A mere list of the properties owned or controlled would fill an entire number of this magazine. It receives and expends more money every year than any but the very greatest of the world's national governments; its debt is larger than that of many of the lesser nations of Europe; it absolutely controls the destinies of a population nearly as large as that of Maryland or Nebraska, and indirectly influences twice that number. Its possessions are scattered over half a dozen States, from Minnesota to New York and Massachusetts, with its chief interests centering at Pittsburg, Chicago, and Duluth, and the whole controlled from New York City. It owns or controls 115 fine steamships on the great lakes, and six important railroad lines and several smaller ones. In Pennsylvania, its coal possessions cover over 75,000 acres of land worth $1,200 an acre, besides 30,000 acres of other land and quarries, and 98,000 acres of leased natural-gas lands. It owns no fewer than 18,309 coke-ovens, being the largest coke producer in the world. Of blast furnaces it owns eighty, producing 9,000,000 tons of pig iron yearly, and of steel plants it owns about 150.

And yet the Steel Corporation cannot be called a monopoly; it does not control production or prices, although its influence on both must be profound. In a general way the corporation may be said to own something more than two-thirds of the steel industry in this country (in the tin-plate industry a considerably larger proportion), the remainder being controlled by a number of lively rivals. Here are the comparative figures of steel production for 1899, being practically the same for 1900:

Produced by the U. S. Steel Corporation,	7,000,000 tons.
" " independent companies.	3,200,000 "
Total United States, about	10,200,000 "
Total for Great Britain (1899)	4,933,010 "
" " Germany (1899)	6,290,434 "
" " the world, including the U. S. (1899)	26,848,755 "

* Right here it may be interesting to insert the result of the first three months' business of the great corporation as it appears in the statement of June 30, 1901:

Profits for three months, about	$26,000,000
Cash on hand, about	26,000,000
Set aside for the first dividend	13,000,000

It will thus be seen that, to start with, the corporation did a very good business, earning profits at the rate of nearly $9,000,000 a month, which, if maintained, would mean about ten per cent. a year on its vast capitalization, including that part of it which some denominate "water."

These figures show that the Steel Corporation produces more steel than either of our two greatest rivals, Great Britain and Germany, and more than a quarter of the entire production of the world. The production of the independent companies, given at 3,200,000 tons, is divided among some twenty or thirty rivals of the Steel Corporation, a few of which are powerful concerns, owning their own coal and iron mines, and therefore independent in the matter of competition. The growing industry of the South, centered at Birmingham, Alabama, as well as the Colorado branch of the industry are independent of the Steel Corporation. Jones & Laughlin's Limited in Pittsburg is the most threatening of all the rivals of the corporation. Other competitors are the Cambria Steel Company; the Republic Iron & Steel Company; and the Pennsylvania Steel Company, which has recently passed into the control of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and acquired extensive iron mines in Cuba, thus making it, in case of a steel war, a most formidable competitor. Since the organization of the corporation a number of new independent concerns have sprung up in various parts of the country, so that there promises to be enough fighting to keep the Broadway capitol from dozing. The above figures showing proportion of production are "good times" figures. Prosperity is favorable to the growth of rivals, and in times of financial stress some of the smaller concerns will no doubt go to the wall; and the great corporation, fitted to weather storms, will, as Mr. Schwab says, control probably as high as seventy-five per cent. of the steel industry of the whole country instead of some sixty-five per cent. as now.

From a photo by Eugene.

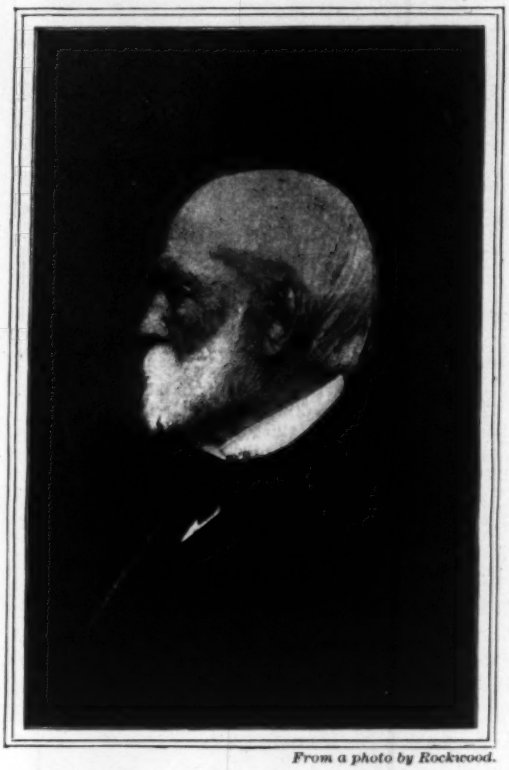
E. C. CONVERSE, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Born 1849, in Boston; began work in the shops of the National Tube Company, of which his father was president for twenty-five years; after filling every position from the lowest up and learning the business thoroughly, he became manager in 1887; upon the formation in 1899 of the National Tube Company, with $80,000,000 capital, he was elected president, a position which he held until this company became a part of the United States Steel Corporation.

The Steel Corporation is a republican form of government, not unlike that of the United States, with a president; a cabinet, or executive committee, which is likewise a supreme court, having practically all the power of the board of directors; a treasury department, or finance committee; a legal department (the general counsel); and a congress (board of directors), elected to office by the individual voters or stockholders. In this case, owing to the large amount of stock which he owns or influences, Mr. Morgan had much to say in electing the board of directors, and its composition shows how his idea of "community of interest" has been worked out. There are two main elements about equally represented among its twenty-four members, one of which may be called the financial side of the board—men who, like Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller, and Mr. Marshall Field, know little or nothing about steel-making, but who do know business and finance. The other element, represented by Mr. Schwab, Mr. Reid, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Edenborn, and others, are practical steel-makers.

There are other lines of division. Each of the subsidiary companies forming the Steel Corporation has its representation in the board. It is probable that Mr. Andrew Carnegie is the largest single owner of bonds in the Steel Corporation, having acquired this interest in partial payment for his share in the Carnegie Steel Company; he has a first mortgage, so to speak, on the property, and while not a member of the board, he is represented through the Carnegie Steel Company by Mr. Schwab and James H. Reed. Mr. Morgan is probably the next most powerful interest, and he and two of his partners are on the board. The Standard Oil Company, which owned part of the Lake Superior mines and a steamship company absorbed by the Steel Corporation, also has three members—Mr. Rockefeller himself, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and H. H. Rogers. In the same way the Federal Steel Company, the American Bridge Company, the "Moore group" of companies, and others are each represented by heavy stockholders.

Each man on the board was chosen, like a political committeeman, for the influence he could wield; and there is no better way to reach an understanding of the scope of this colossal enterprise than to follow out some of the many devious and far-reaching courses of influence represented by the various directors, which constitute a web covering the entire country and reaching hundreds of unexpected industries. Take the case of Mr. Morgan, who is a director in twenty-one railroad companies and a vital influence in several others, besides being the dictator of a transatlantic steamship line. These railroads require enormous quantities of steel material for rails, locomotives, and cars, the steamship line requires ships, and so on, and Mr. Morgan would naturally use his influence to persuade them to purchase their supplies of the Steel Corporation. Furthermore, he would buttress his influence throughout the railroad world by this forceful argument, in plain language thus expressed: "See here, the Steel Corporation is the greatest shipper of freight in the world. You buy your iron and steel of us and we will ship a proportionate amount of our freight by your line."



From a photo by Rockwood.

ABRAM S. HEWITT, BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Born 1822; graduated Columbia, 1842; extensive iron and steel manufacturer; member of Congress for thirteen years, and for a time Chairman of the National Democratic Committee; married a daughter of Peter Cooper; organized Cooper Union. Is one of the foremost citizens, and former mayor of New York City.

Similarly Mr. Rockefeller, dictator of the Standard Oil Company, is naturally prepared to favor the Steel Corporation as a source of all the vast supplies of steel tubing, piping, and materials for tanks, used in the combined oil industries of America. Then there is William E. Dodge, a member of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., one of the controlling influences in the copper industry of America, with all its avenues of financial authority, and Clement A. Griscom, president of the International Navigation Company, a large user of steel ships, and a likely factor in the invasion of foreign markets which the Steel Corporation is planning. Mr. Griscom is also closely identified with the management of the Pennsylvania Railway Company, perhaps the most important single railroad system in the world, thereby reaching other long lines of influence. P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, another member, controls many of the important street-car lines in America, all of which are heavy purchasers of iron and steel for rails, cars, power-houses, and so on. Marshall Field, of Chicago, probably the foremost of American merchants, brings to the corporation a wide authority in financial circles. Thus, one might continue the analysis, showing in what manner each member of the board adds strength to the corporation. It would seem that Mr. Morgan's "community of interest" had been so completely and successfully worked out that most of the great aggregations of wealth in the country are gathered within the net of the Steel Corporation. Indeed, so diverse have become the interests of the great money masters that they must, perforce, bury their differences and step to the same music, for if they disagree, there is an even chance that their left hand will be found engaged in fisticuffs with their right. Never was there such evidence of the growing solidarity of capital as that furnished by the new Steel Corporation.

There are other facts of interest in regard to this board of directors. It is indicative of the part the law plays in great enterprises, that the board contains no fewer than four men who were trained in that profession, three of whom have been judges. Six are bankers, and many of the others are

heavily interested in banks. One of the twenty-four members is foreign-born (Prussia); nearly all of the remainder sprung from old American families, of British origin, though three are plainly of German descent. That early training and environment count much in fixing a man's career is evident from the fact that seven directors were born in the coal and iron state of Pennsylvania, five are from the Middle West in close proximity to centers of steel industry, and only one is from the South. More than half of the members are "self-made men," having been farmer boys, clerks, or workmen, beginning with nothing, educating themselves, and pushing upward by sheer ability. Less than half the number received a college education, and only four or five are graduates of the great universities, a fact which explains Mr. Schwab's light regard for an extended college course as a training for a business career. Mr. Schwab himself was educated in a Catholic school, from which he was graduated at the age of eighteen.

From a photo by Steffens.

MARSHALL FIELD, BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Born 1835, on a Massachusetts farm; began business life at seventeen years of age, as a drygoods clerk in Pittsfield, Massachusetts; removed to Chicago four years later, and rose to be the greatest drygoods merchant in the world; has given extensively to colleges, and in 1894 founded the Field Columbian Museum with a gift of $1,000,000.

The board of directors holds a meeting once every month in the Broadway office, though it is not often that all of the members are in attendance.* At these sessions the broader policies of management are settled, and such knotty questions as the executive or the finance committees cannot decide are here discussed, together with all problems having to do with the purchase of new properties, the expenditure of extraordinary sums of money for improvements, the issue of new bonds, the declaration of dividends, and so on. In short, the board is the law-making power, having very much the same duties and responsibilities as a parliament. But there is this difference: the president of the Steel Corporation presides at the head of the table at board meetings, and his cabinet (the executive committee), as well as the finance committee, is composed of members of the board. The directors, being busy men, nothing but affairs of superior importance are placed before them, and those in the most condensed form. Indeed, the bulk of their work consists of approving what their president, the executive committee, and the finance committee, of which Robert Bacon, of J. P. Morgan & Co., is chairman, have done. All matters of executive routine, the whole vast internal workings and policies of the corporation, are left in the hands of President Schwab and the members of his cabinet, most of whom have offices near the president, in the Empire Building, where they may consult constantly. Indeed, they usually hold a meeting every day, gathering around a mahogany table in the private office of Judge Gary, chairman of the executive committee.

This executive committee has been constituted with scrupulous care. Every man on it has had experience in the conduct of large affairs, most of them having been presidents of the huge concerns which were absorbed by the United States Steel Corporation. Judge Gary, the chairman, a prominent lawyer of Illinois, was formerly president of the Federal Steel Company. The other members are Daniel G. Reid, a Western banker; William Edenborn, German by birth, and an expert in every department of the wire industry; E. C. Converse of Boston, formerly president of the National Tube Company; Percival Roberts, Jr., of Philadelphia, a trained engineer, and former president of the American Bridge Company; and Charles Steele, a lawyer, and a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.

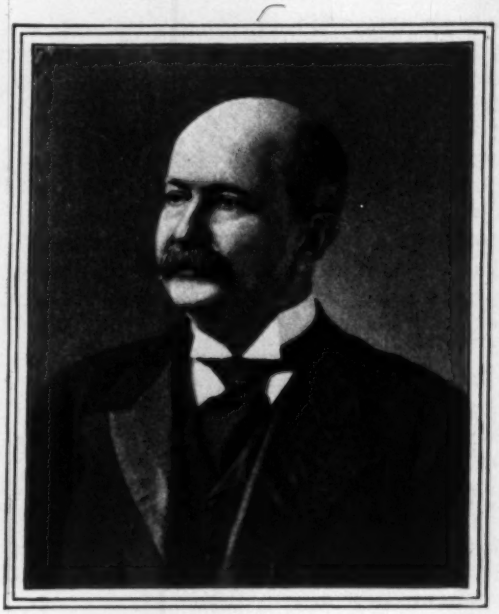
It is significant of the vitality of the new corporation that its managers are all men in

* The directors receive twenty dollars each for attending meetings, and ten cents for every mile traveled in reaching the meeting place.

From a photo by W. J. Root.

JUDGE W. H. MOORE, BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Born 1848, at Utica, New York; graduated Amherst College, 1867; admitted to the bar in Wisconsin; practised on the Pacific Coast, and in 1872 settled in Chicago; made a specialty of corporation law, assisting in the reorganization of the Carnegie Steel Company, later forming the four great corporations known as the "Moore group," with a combined capitalization of $187,000,000—all now absorbed in the Steel Corporation.



From a photo by F. Gutekunst.

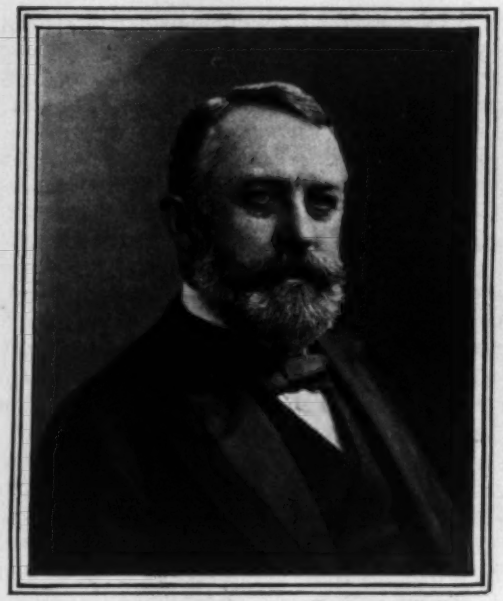
P. A. B. WIDENER, BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Born 1834, Philadelphia; public-school education; originally embarked in meat business; prominent Republican politician, and for a time city treasurer of Philadelphia; became interested in street railways in various cities; now controls, perhaps, more properties of this class than any other man, and has large interests in many banks and other important financial institutions.

the prime of life. The average age of the president and his cabinet is only forty-eight; the oldest member is fifty-five, and the youngest, President Schwab, but thirty-nine.

It is a general though erroneous impression that when the Steel Corporation was organized all of the ten absorbed companies lost their identity, being merged in a single huge concern managed from New York City. But the United States Steel Corporation is rather a federation of independent companies, a combination of combinations, each with its own distinct government, officers, sphere of influence, and particular products. The Carnegie Steel Company, for instance, is still independent of the Federal Steel Company, and yet both are a part of the United States Steel Corporation, in the same way that Pennsylvania and Illinois, while separate States, each with its own governor, are part of the United States. The title, for instance, of A. J. Major is "President of the American Bridge Company of the United States Steel Corporation." The organizers here pursued the historic policy of the old Carnegie Steel Company. Mr. Carnegie encouraged friendly rivalries between his plants, spurring them on with rewards, and by firing the pride of accomplishment he succeeded surprisingly in adding to the efficiency of his force. For years a huge broom, the mark of honor, was shifted from stack to stack in the Carnegie mills as the record of the world was broken; and every man, from the manager down, gloried in the presence of that broom. So the various great companies of the Steel Corporation will be encouraged in rivalries. The United States Steel Corporation, owning practically all the stock in each subsidiary company, can assure harmony by electing such directors and officers as it chooses. But one company buys of or sells to another, as formerly, and the bargains are driven just as shrewdly as ever, each president being keenly ambitious to make a good showing for his company. The disputes which naturally arise, are settled by the executive committee, sitting as a sort of supreme court.

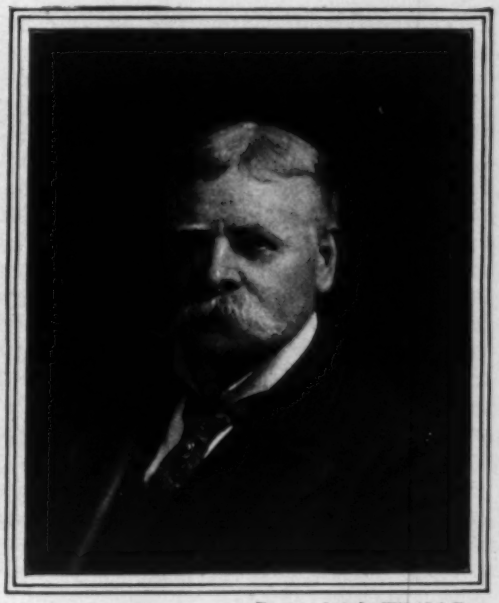
Formerly the main offices of many of the subsidiary companies were in New York City, but when the new corporation was organized President Schwab transplanted some of these offices to the center, each of its own properties. For instance, the headquarters of the National Steel Company was removed to Pittsburg under the wing of the Carnegie Company. "Put the management within



From a photo by Patton.

HENRY C. FRICK, BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Born in Pennsylvania, 1849; began life as a clerk to his grandfather, a flour merchant and distiller; embarked in coke business and became head of the Frick Coke Company, the largest coke makers in the world; then president of the Carnegie Steel Company; was shot during the Homestead strike in 1892.



From a photo by Elliott & Fry.

CLEMENT A. GRISCOM, BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Born in Philadelphia, 1841; academic education; became a clerk, 1857, and partner, 1863, Peter Wright & Sons, shipping merchants; largely interested in Pennsylvania Railroad Company and other large business concerns. President of the International Navigation Co. (owners of the American Line of steamships).

smell of the smoke of the furnaces," says Mr. Schwab; "that is the way to get results." These changes in several instances were productive of picturesque incidents, typical of the energy of the new management. Instead of permitting officers and employees to straggle along to their new headquarters, the company chartered special trains, as when the headquarters of the Oliver Mining Company were moved from Pittsburg to Duluth, and all the office employees with the books and documents of the company were sent flying to their destination.

While each subsidiary company retains the entire management of its own manufacturing plants, it has been the policy of the new corporation to combine in great general departments those factors of production common to all the companies. For instance, most of the subsidiary companies owned their own iron-mines, their own coke-ovens, and controlled their own ships on the lakes, and each had a department to care for these interests. Now, the ore and transportation interests are gathered in one great department, the chief of which is James Gayley, first vice-president of the Steel Corporation, with offices in New York and Duluth; and the coke interests, the export department, the foreign offices in London, and certain branches of the sales departments are each grouped under a single head. By this method a single agency distributes iron ore, coal, and coke between the various plants as needed, avoiding cross-shipments and supplying plants always from the nearest sources, thereby saving freight charges.

Much of the economy of production depends on the efficiency of distribution. Formerly, serious delays resulted from the inability to obtain vessel tonnage at the right time, or to load the ships with the right kind of ore when wanted, for many companies, while owning plenty of one kind of ore, were compelled to purchase other kinds to make the proper mixtures. Under the new system, however, the splendid fleet of 115 vessels on the Great Lakes is all under the control of one man, Captain A. B. Wolvin (fleet manager for Mr. Gayley), and the ore-distribution system is all under another chief. The ships can thus be directed by telegraph to the ore dock in Minnesota, Michigan, or Wisconsin, where each immediately secures a full load and carries it to the dock or mill where that particular kind of ore is most needed.

Every plant of the corporation is connected by special telegraph wires, and many by telephone, with the central office in New

York, as well as with Captain Wolvin's office in Duluth, so that the needs of each in the matter of ores, vessels, and so on, can be instantly communicated. Suppose the works at Lorain, Ohio, need a load of some special kind of ore. Mr. Gayley's department knows the exact location of every boat in the fleet, and by reference to its charts it is found that a vessel full of the required ore is passing through the river at Detroit. A telegram is sent to the captain, and the vessel appears soon after at Lorain. Under the old system there might have been all manner of delays before the Lorain works could have secured this particular ore. Coke and coal are distributed much in the same manner by a central department.

In the matter of sales there is still wide latitude of independence because the products of the various companies are different, one company manufacturing bridges, another tubes, another sheet steel, another wire, another tin-plate, so that each can best sell its own products. But in cases where several companies produce the same thing —steel rails, for instance—they agree on a price and appoint the same agents throughout the country. The foreign business of all the companies has been combined in one great office in London, under the direction of Millard Hunsicker. It may be said in passing that the corporation is planning the first really systematic effort ever made by Americans to capture foreign steel trade, our exportation of steel in the past having been somewhat spasmodic and rather for the purpose of disposing of a surplus product than with a view to secure a permanent foreign foothold. It is said that Mr. Morgan had this development in view when he bought the Leyland steamship line.

It is interesting, also, to note that the United States Steel Corporation has established a fire insurance department of its own, and that in future it will insure most of its own buildings, the business done exceeding that of many regular fire insurance companies.

President Schwab has called the United States Steel Corporation a "clearing house for information"; and this is truly one of its main purposes. The experience and wisdom of the best brains in the best plants are to be brought to the service of all the plants. In the old Carnegie Company the heads of departments were accustomed to get together at lunch and talk over their work. The same course is being pursued in the Steel Corporation. For instance, the presidents of the various companies assemble at certain times in New York and discuss the affairs of their concerns, often deciding important questions without referring them to President Schwab. Similarly the general managers, the managers of sales departments, the freight agents, and the auditors of the various subsidiary companies have formed committees, elected chairmen, and each meets regularly to plan methods for securing greater efficiency and uniformity. Stenographers are present at these conferences, and such valuable points as may be brought out are set down and subsequently distributed widely among those in the corporation who will be benefited by the information. These meetings also serve as a sort of testing ground. Here talent shows its light, the chiefs come to know the qualities of their subordinates, and to select those who are to be advanced to positions of greater responsibility. It is said that the "trusts" crush the opportunities for young men, yet President Schwab has said:

"I think there never was a greater opportunity for any man, workingman or manager, who has to use his brains as to-day. Never has there been such a scarcity of special men that great manufacturing concerns and capitalists desire."

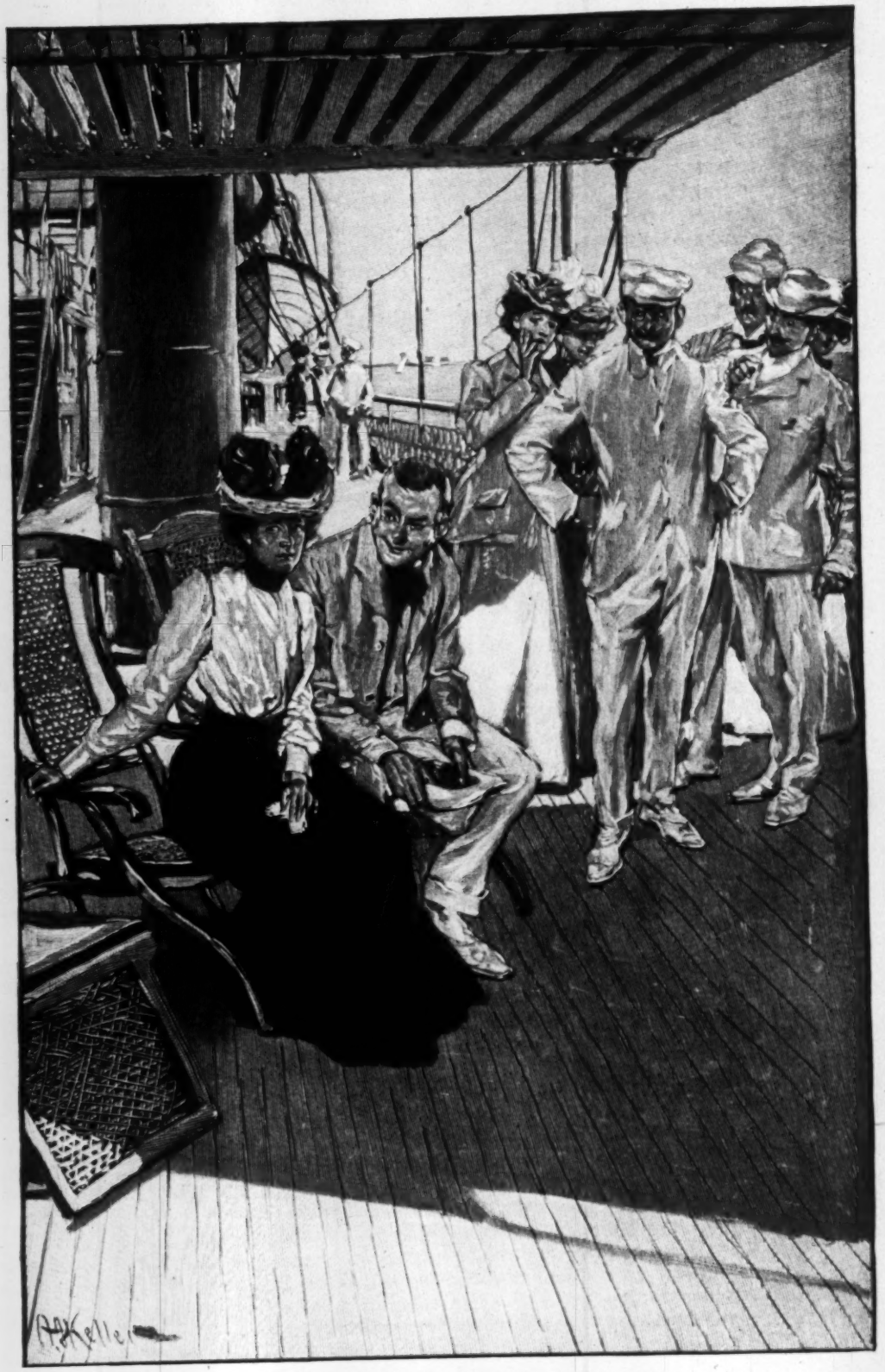
For it is the expressed intention of the corporation to pursue the same course that Mr. Carnegie followed, that of admitting subordinates to an active share in the company's business. President Schwab has a scheme of his own for extending the share system to the skilled mechanics of the works, it being his belief, pointed by Mr. Carnegie's success and by the experiences of his own career, that the more harmoniously employer and men work together, and the more pride of employment that can be inspired, the better for all concerned. Indeed, there was rarely, if ever, a business enterprise in which every man was chosen so absolutely upon merit. To make such a vast enterprise a success, there can be no inefficiency in the management. It was one of Mr. Carnegie's methods to discard, inexorably, all men who had passed the age of usefulness or whose energy was failing. He did it on principle, as he discarded worn-out machinery. Every man in his company, he said, must be a worker; and in the Steel Corporation there are no ornamental officers, no "front office presidents." I presume it would be impossible to find harder workers in any walk of life than Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Field, and Mr. Schwab, and other prime

movers in the corporation. One of the first acts of the corporation was to cut down the number of directors in the subsidiary companies and make every officer the responsible chief of some department. For instance, the number of directors in the National Tube Company was reduced from 23 to 11, and in the American Steel and Wire Company from 15 to 9. A single example will show how one of these subsidiary corporations is managed. The president of the National Tube Company, Mr. Hearne, has general charge of its affairs. Mr. Schiller, first vice-president, is chief of the manufacturing department. Mr. Latshaw, second vice-president, is chief of the mercantile department. Mr. Culbertson, third vice-president and treasurer, has charge of the financial department. Mr. Matheson, fourth vice-president, has charge of the foreign department. The management of the Steel Corporation thus relies for its success on the human factor; it is character and energy that have made the American leader in the world's industries, and it is character and energy that the Steel Corporation is eager to purchase at any salary.

In the same way that the various companies profit by the brains of their former rivals, they are also able to perfect their processes by the use of special inventions not before available. Each company had its own valuable patents and secret processes which now become common property. And the corporation keeps a sharp lookout for new processes and inventions, with which profits are increased and competition more successfully met. An important part of every plant is that of the scientific and mechanical experts, who are seeking new methods for performing by machinery work before dependent upon human muscle. The writer of the papers on American Engineering Competition in the London "Times" was strongly impressed with the loneliness of the great steel works at Pittsburg, the noisy machinery running at full speed with few men in sight. And yet, wonderful and perfect as the present processes of steel-making now seem, the Carnegies and the Schwabs see in the future amazing changes and development in the direction of making steel cheaper. Only recently Mr. Schwab predicted that the Bessemer process, which wholly revolutionized the steel industry scarcely thirty years ago, is doomed to disappear, being superseded by what is known as the open-hearth process.

Another point of progress which will find its fullest expression in the new corporation is that of making new markets for steel. Only a few years ago the steel-maker was fulfilling his mission if he sat still and let the orders come in, but to-day he manufactures not only his steel, but also his markets to absorb it. An English writer exclaims: "The American steel-makers manufacture business out of nothing!" And one has only to look upon the recent development in the United States of steel buildings, steel bridges, steel railroad cars, steel railroad ties, steel ships, and so on, to realize the truth of this assertion. Mr. Carnegie kept more than a hundred draftsmen employed in the business of proving that steel was better for certain purposes than wood or stone. Did a New York builder propose putting up a large office structure, Mr. Carnegie agreed to draw the plans without charge, provided only that in case steel was used his company should have the contract. It is by such methods that the new corporation proposes to spread itself.

Every department of the United States Steel Corporation runs smoothly, simply, noiselessly. Knowing the magnitude of the business transacted at the capitol in Broadway, a vision of hurrying messengers, and of crowds of business men thronging the offices, rises before one's mind; but there is here no appearance of haste or of crowds. Here are roomy, comfortable, carpeted offices, high above the roar and smoke of the city, where a low-voiced boy asks your business and a secretary comes out quietly from his office to show you in to his chief. Here there seems to be something akin to leisure, for by the time business reaches this height it has assumed a highly condensed form. Mr. Schwab himself, though some humorist who loved the exaggerated and inconsequential has computed his time to be worth ten dollars a minute, is a calm, steady worker. He is surrounded by a personal staff of helpers, mostly young men, one a brother, who were associated with him in the Carnegie Company. During office hours he is occupied largely in examining reports, in deciding questions, in answering the few important letters which have sifted through all his assistants, and in holding conferences with the members of his cabinet. Organization is, indeed, the mainspring of success in such a colossal enterprise, and yet it is absolutely necessary to have a man in the executive chair who possesses force and independence, who is ready, if necessity demands, to rise superior to organization, to cut red tape, to do the unexpected thing of genius.



"THEY WERE ASTOUNDED AT THE SITUATION."

COLONEL JOSLYN, U. S. A.

By M. Quad.

IT was an exclusive party of eight. Sir George Minturn and wife were at the head of it. The others were Mrs. Woeburn, widow of the civil engineer; the Hon. James Blackman, wife, and daughter; D'Artgen, a French marquis, and Brittman, of the German Embassy in London. They were all ultra-fashionables in their way, and their little party had not been made up entirely by accident. Sir George and the Honorable James had planned a voyage to the Mediterranean, and had invited Mrs. Woeburn as a guest. The marquis, who had met Miss Blackman a few times in London society, decided that he was in love with her, and determined to take the trip on his own account, to further his interests. Brittman did not know whether he was in love with the widow or not. As he had secured leave of absence for four months, it seemed to him that he might as well make a voyage as remain ashore. When the two hundred passengers of the *Monarch* realized that there was a "ring" comprising the eight people named, and that outsiders were not wanted, there were only a few half-hearted attempts to break down the exclusiveness. It was not that the men were snobbish or the women arrogant, but that they were sufficient unto themselves.

But when the steamer reached Gibraltar the "ring" suddenly found the sand being cut from under its feet by the undertow. The "undertow" came aboard at that point. He was a tall, solid man, with a merry eye and an open face, and his manner was friendly. It was safe to say that he was not the scion of aristocrats, and that he had neither a college diploma nor a knowledge of the rules of social etiquette. He had scarcely stowed away his things in a stateroom when he made a bold-faced attempt to break down the "ring." Sir George was pacing the deck with his cigar when the new arrival walked up to him and said:

"I'll keep you company, if you don't mind, Captain. I've been waiting here for a week, and I'm dog-tired of old Gib. Plenty of guns and redcoats and all that, but do you know I couldn't find a cocktail in the whole place? Positive fact, sir. Never even heard of one. Think of a town without a cocktail!"

Sir George was shocked that a stranger should dare to such familiarity, but there was a certain good-nature in it which stayed his first impulse at resentment.

"You may take the history of the whole world," continued the new arrival, "and you'll find that cocktails and progress go together. No cocktails, no progress; plenty of cocktails, lots of hustling. It was the cocktail which gave America her first boost, and it is cocktails which are keeping her at the head of the procession. You English bank on brandy and soda, but you don't know what's good. You keep your livers in a frizzled state, and yet wonder how you've lost the trail, and are following the band-wagon instead of leading it. Nothing personal, you know, but I'm speaking of Englishmen in general."

Sir George halted. Then he slowly raised his monocle and adjusted it. He stared at the stranger for a long half-minute before he exclaimed:

"Sir, are you addressing me?"

"By George, but you're a cool old boy!" mused the other in tones of admiration. "Standing on etiquette, eh? Well, maybe I was too previous. My name's Joslyn—Colonel Joslyn, of Dakota, U. S. A. I've got a sworn affidavit in my trunk from our county sheriff that I've never been arrested for murder. You've got a name, I suppose?"

"Sir!" gasped the Englishman, as he continued to stare.

"And I'm making a little pleasure trip all by my lonesome," continued the Colonel. "Always said I would if I ever got money enough. How are you on poker? I haven't played a game in three months, and am beginning to feel homesick."

Sir George's hand went up to his glass. The glass was removed from his eye. Hand and glass fell together. Then he faced about and walked off as erect as a West Pointer. Colonel Joslyn had been snubbed.

"EIGHT PEOPLE STARED INTO SPACE."

There were five or six people looking on and enjoying the affair, and they expected to hear some outburst on the Colonel's part. There was none, however. He merely rubbed his hands together and smiled, and said to himself:

"The old cock is either a jolly or else he's standing on his dig. because we don't rent pews in the same church. I'll see him later."

Only half an hour had passed when Colonel Joslyn ran across the marquis. The Frenchman had just finished a promenade with Miss Blackman, and had received what he felt sure was encouragement.

"Going to stop at Malta?" asked the Colonel in his easy-going way, as he extended a cigar in his fingers.

The marquis smiled faintly and shrugged his shoulders. He had seen Sir George snub the American, and he felt it a duty to follow his example.

"Don't understand, eh? Well, it don't matter much. I was just going to ask if there was anything worth seeing. If you could talk English I'd also ask you who that girl is you were walking about with. I'll be hanged if she isn't the perfect picture of the Widow Taylor's daughter Hetty. I've been a little sweet on Hetty for a year or two past, and when I first saw you with that girl my heart jumped into my mouth."

The marquis bit his lip and smiled and shook his head and walked off, but if he thought he had snubbed Colonel Joslyn he was mistaken. As he could not speak English, and as the Colonel could not speak French, how could there have been a snub?

It was two or three days before another attempt was made to break up the "ring." Then the Colonel met Brittman in the smoking-room. The situation was plainer now, and there was a fatherly twang in the Colonel's tones as he said:

"Look here, mister, I want to say a word or two for your own good. It's seldom I mix up in anybody's rows, but I hate to see a man fighting without a fair show."

"Who you vhas?" asked the attaché with considerable dignity, but not half as much as he might have assumed had not the Widow Woeburn refused him an hour before.

"Name's Joslyn, of the U. S. A., and I'm doing a little trotting about alone. I see you belong to that little 'ring,' but you are simply throwing your time away."

The attaché could not make out the Colonel's meaning until the case had been gone over again and again. Then he was furious. It was bad enough for a stranger to approach him in that blunt fashion, but for the same man to mix up in his love affair and give him fatherly advice was beyond endurance. He wanted to swear and pound on the table and tell the Colonel what he thought of him, but his good breeding restrained him. He simply sat bolt upright and glared. The Colonel tried to go on, but even he was nonplussed. By and by the attaché got up and walked away. As he moved off his looks and bearing indicated that he had never heard of Colonel Joslyn, of Dakota, or of the United States of America. They were as nothing to him.

"Was that a snub or wasn't it?" questioned the man from Dakota as he relighted his cigar stub. "No, it couldn't be. As he can't talk English, and I can't talk German, there is no snubbing about it. He has just taken my words to heart and gone off to ponder over them."

A day or so passed and then Colonel Joslyn started in again to break up the "ring." The Widow Woeburn chanced to be on deck alone. She happened to drop her handkerchief, and the Colonel happened to catch it before it blew overboard. As he returned it he lifted his hat and said:

"Came mighty near losing my hat in the same puff. Going as far as Alexandria?"

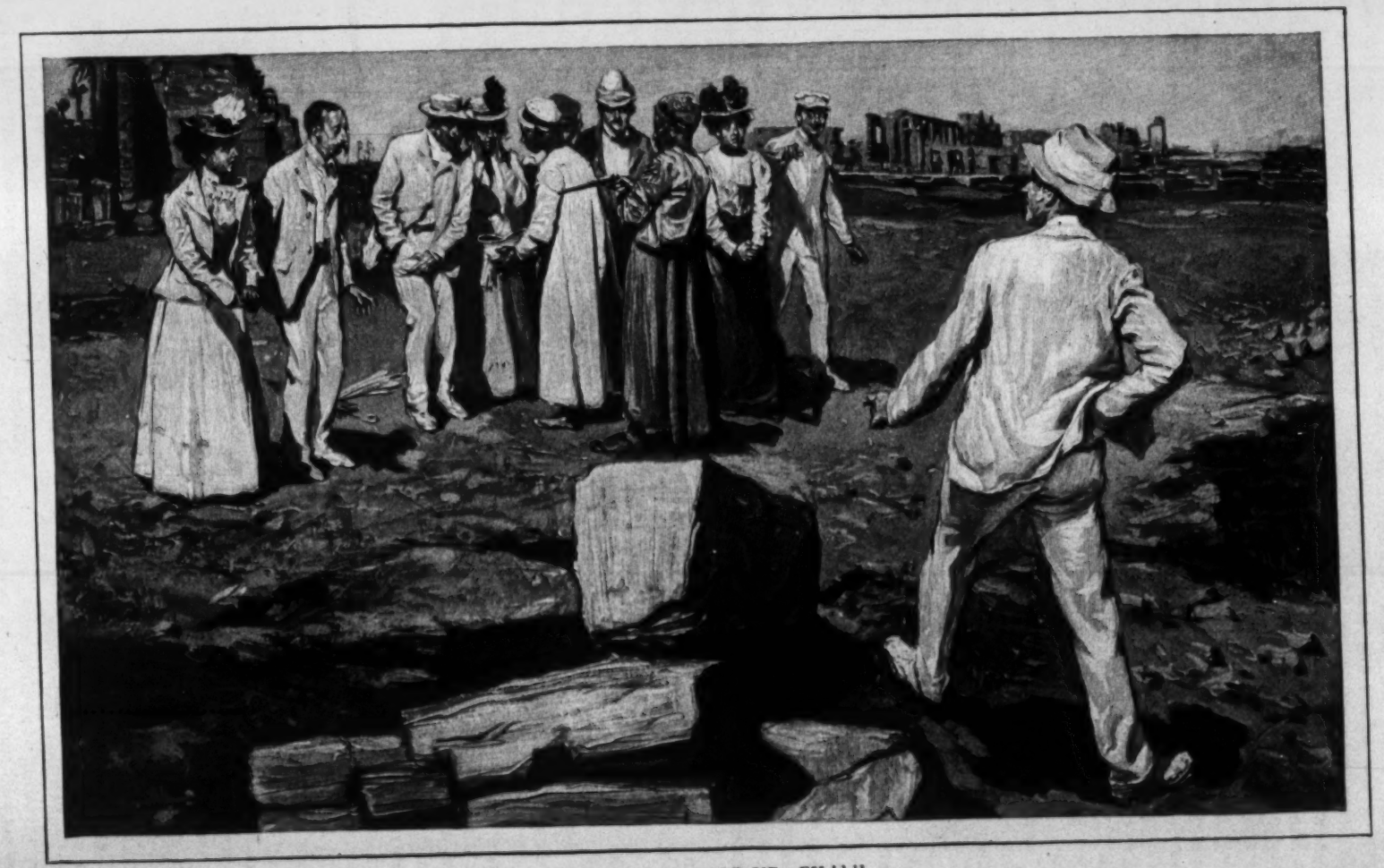
The widow looked at him in astonishment, and he hastened to introduce himself and add:

"You must be lonesome in such a queer crowd. I've tackled three of the men, and I'll be hanged if I can tumble to 'em. I should think they'd want to have a good time."

Having thus delivered himself, he coolly sat down beside the lady and asked her if she had ever been in the United States, and if so what she thought of the people. Before she could reply—or administer a snub—the rest of the "ring" arrived in a body. They were astounded at the situation. Some smiled and some glared, but it was the Hon. James Blackman who retreated a few paces and beckoned for the Colonel to approach. The two had not met before.

"Sir," began the Honorable as the Dakota man drew near, "is there any particular reason why you desire to make the acquaintance of any one of our party?"

"Well, no desperate reason," replied the Colonel. "I thought some of you might be glad of a poker game, or would like to swap yarns to pass away the time, and I believe



"'HELLO! A HOLD-UP, EH!'"

I'd enjoy a talk with the widow over there, but I ain't desperate about it."

"Then, sir, will you be kind enough to leave us to ourselves?" continued the Honorable.

"You mean I'm to fight shy of your crowd?"

"I mean, sir—I mean that when we desire your company we'll give you due notice! Is that plain?"

"Colonel, that's as plain as the horns on a steer. I take it that you mean to snub me?"

"You are a man of perception, sir!"

That closed the interview. Colonel Joslyn had tried to break up the "ring" and had failed. He went off and sat down by himself for a while and felt somewhat hurt and humiliated, but this feeling did not last long. They were a churlish lot, while he, on the contrary, was a good fellow. They could not help being churlish any more than he could help being good-natured, and he soon decided to forgive them. It was not two hours before he bumped up against Sir George at the door of the smoking-room, and called out as cheerily as ever:

"Hello, pard., but it looks to me as if we were going to have a squall from the north. Do you find this tumble disturbing you much?"

Sir George never turned his head. His eyes did not see the Colonel. There was no United States for him. By and by the *Monarch* reached Alexandria. The "ring" drew a long breath and hoped it had seen the last of Colonel Joslyn. He had been talked over on several occasions, and though it was agreed that he was harmless, he could not be forgiven for his familiarity. When an American who had risen from the dust of cattle trails attempts to cross the gulf separating him from British aristocracy his audacity must be resented. The "ring" had planned to go up the Nile by steamer. Berths were secured and the steamer was ringing her bell for "all aboard" when Colonel Joslyn walked up the gang-plank. He had also decided to go up the Nile.

"For Gawd's sake!" gasped Sir George as he recognized the man.

"*Parbleu!* but ze American!" growled the marquis.

"*Donner und Blitzen!* but he vhas here!" muttered the attaché as he tugged at his mustache to give it a fiercer appearance.

"Hello, you folks!" shouted the Colonel as he reached the deck. "I heard that the Nile beat the Missouri River all holler as a stream, and I'm going up to settle the matter. How've you all been since I saw you last?"

Eight people stared into space. Eight heads were held very stiffly. If there was a man named Colonel Joslyn, of Dakota, U. S. A., it was naught to them. He might be living—he might never have lived. It was a cold, cold snub, but it did not worry the Colonel for five minutes. He had never snubbed man or woman in his life. He had even been careful not to humiliate his dog or his bronco. However, other people were different, and if snubbing was their way he would not quarrel about it. It was a small steamer, with but few passengers, and for the next few days the Colonel was snubbed almost hourly. Whenever a landing was made the exclusives walked about by themselves, and the Colonel never tried to force himself in. On the steamer he was a leveler of caste; on land he had a limit. Nothing of much consequence happened until they had been afloat several days. Then a breakdown happened to the machinery, and the boat was tied to the bank at a mud-walled village. There was but little to see near at hand, but a mile away was a pile of old ruins. The "ring" started out first, and Colonel Joslyn was the only one who followed. The remainder of the passengers did not think it would pay to tramp over the sands under the hot sun. The man from Dakota did not think much of the ruins after he reached them. He gathered a few souvenirs, and was about to return to the steamer when he heard a cry for help. The people of the "ring" were half a mile away when he last saw them. The cry was in a woman's voice, and the Colonel lost no time in answering it. He suddenly made his appearance behind a great mass of debris, to find the party of eight lined up in good order. An ugly-looking native with a pistol was holding the victims steady, while his "pal" was passing the hat for contributions. In this case they were expected to give liberally if not cheerfully. Money, watches, and rings were being dropped into the hat as it passed.

"Hello! A hold-up, eh!" exclaimed the Colonel as he came to a halt. "Well, that's next to poker, and I'll take a hand!"

The man with the pistol fired and missed. The next moment he pitched forward unconscious. The other fellow attempted to run away, but the Colonel was on his back in three jumps. He was twisted around, a blow was dealt under his ear, and he too became unconscious.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the four men in chorus; and "Oh, you dear man!" exclaimed the four women together; but Colonel Joslyn held up his hand in warning and said:

"Pocket that plunder and make for the steamer. It looks to me as if there was a plot here."

As the "ring" moved off he drew a navy revolver and acted as rear guard. They were not yet clear of the ruins when half a dozen desperate-looking natives were giving chase. None of the four men were armed, but just before reaching the village they came upon a pile of stakes. Each seized one, and the dozen men who swarmed out of the hovels to bar their way did not dare come to close quarters. The rear was well guarded. There were twenty men slowly crowding up on the American as he reached the bank, and though most of them had muskets or pistols, they feared to open the battle. As the party reached the steamer the natives drew off. The captain, mate, engineer, fireman, and all the crew were Egyptians.

"They are robbers—river pirates—they will capture the steamer and murder us all!" wailed the captain as he caught the shouts of the retreating natives.

"Let's figure a little on that," replied the Colonel as he joined the excited group on deck. "Did you ever have a row with pirates before?"

"Never! They are making ready to open fire on us from the first hut!"

"Well, if you've had no experience let me run things for a while. Fighting pirates can't be much worse than rioting with Indians. The first move is to get the boat clear of the bank."

"But we've no steam!"

"Then let her drift. Get out those poles and heave her off."

The steamer was carried a hundred feet into the stream before she lost her headway, and then the anchor was dropped. She was within musket range of the huts, but was safe from a sudden rush. As soon as the anchor was down everything movable was carried to the starboard side to protect the cabin from bullets, but the place had not been made reasonably safe when fire was opened. The flying bullets drove the crew to their quarters, and the officers and passengers into the cabin, and for the first time the people of the "ring" had an opportunity to thank the Colonel for coming to their rescue. Smiling as he remembered the last snub, he hurriedly replied:

"Yes, yes—all right—all right. We've got a jack-rabbit for a captain, and it's ten to one the crew are in with the robber gang. I want to pay the engineer a visit."

Ten minutes later he was back with the chief engineer. He had the native by the neck, and the fellow was white with fear. As he was whirled into a corner and warned not to stir on peril of his life, the man from Dakota explained:

"He disabled his own engines to lay us up here. His assistant is making repairs, and the firemen are chucking in coal. Nice little plot, but I think we'll beat it. Now, then, who has got pistols?"

The four men of the "ring" had revolvers in their trunks, and the same was the case with five other male passengers. When the weapons were brought out and loaded, two men were sent down into the engine-room to act as a tonic on the assistant and his firemen. About this time the mate began to act queerly, and he was hurried into the corner with the other prisoner and Sir George detailed to guard them. The Honorable Blackman took his place before the quarters of the deck-hands, and then, by Colonel Joslyn's directions, the rest of the armed men got such cover as they could and opened fire on the robbers who were skulking along the bank. It was not prize target shooting, but it drove the fellows back and lessened their fire. It did not take fifteen minutes to fix the engines, and when they were pronounced all right there was steam enough in the boiler to go ahead with.

But they were not to get out of it so easily. The thieves ashore saw how things were progressing, and they suddenly ceased their attack and ran to a flat-boat lying against the bank above the village. A full score of them jumped in and cast off. If they reached the steamer they were strong enough to carry her by boarding. There were calls for the crew to get up the anchor, and calls for the captain to take the pilot-house, but neither was responded to. The crew sulked in their quarters, and the captain trembled in the cabin. Colonel Joslyn again came to the rescue. With a hammer he knocked the shackle-pin out of the chain and let the anchor go, and then going to the pilot-house he took the wheel. Bullets fairly rained about him, driving all others to cover, but he was not hit.

While the flat-boat was still fifty feet away the steamer began to move. The robbers had planned to grasp her anchor-chain and swing alongside, and as she headed

away from them they rent the air with their fierce screams, and concentrated their fire on the man in the pilot-house. Colonel Joslyn hid from view, but it was only for a moment. As soon as the flat-boat had drifted past he not only got up, but he called to Sir George, the Honorable, the Marquis, and all others who could come. In fifty words he told them his plan. Two minutes later the steamer was describing a circle. When she had half-completed it, she was headed for the robbers' craft. They fired and shouted and used their oars, but she came driving along and struck the flat-boat on her port quarter and tore her stern away. As she struck there was a fusillade from the cabin windows. Looking back in the steamer's wake, the passengers could not discover even a single swimmer. It was a complete annihilation. When he realized this the captain regained his courage, the mate stopped sulking, and the engineer begged to be sent about his duties. If there had been a conspiracy it was no longer to be feared.

After Colonel Joslyn had turned over the command, and things were running smoothly, the "ring" sent for him. The circle opened to let him in as he arrived. He was perspiring, and he was grimy. He was coatless and hatless, and his hair was in a tangle. Sir George cleared his throat and looked half-ashamed as he began:

"Colonel Joslyn, it may have occurred to you that—that—that this family party, as it were, has not made any great effort to—to——"

"Sir!" interrupted the Colonel, as he drew himself up, "are you addressing me?"

"Now, then, my dear fellow, you know—you see—this party desires——"

"When I desire your company I will give you due notice!" continued the Colonel, and looking over the heads of the entire party, he marched off to his stateroom to remove the stains of battle.

"For Gawd's sake!" whispered Sir George, as he looked after him, and then his companions looked at each other in blank astonishment and swallowed hard at the bitter pill.

FASTER THAN THE EXPRESS-TRAIN.

THE AUTOMOBILE RACE FROM PARIS TO BERLIN.

By Walter Wellman,

Author of "Long-Distance Balloon Racing," "Rise of the American City," etc.

The Winner.

FOURNIER bent low from his seat; one hand grasped the controller, the other the steering-gear. He was not nervous. Twenty years of wheel racing (he was twice champion bicyclist of France and once of the world), scores of hard-won victories, a thousand struggles with the wind in his eyes and his hair in the wind, had inured him to the tension of such moments as these. But it was tension; there was no mistaking that. His face was haggard, dust-grimed; his shoulders, usually square like a general's, drooped and rounded. His great goggles, black, uncanny, gave him the outward appearance of some new sort of demon, born of this high-keyed, time-killing, space-destroying age. His hands did not tremble, but they gripped the steel with a tense grip. Bending low, his jacket buttoned tightly around him to catch little wind, his assistant crouching at his feet out of range of the swift-flying currents of air produced by the mad flight of the machine, Fournier slipped the controller up to the last notch. Instinctively he tried to compress his body into yet smaller space. Instinctively he thrust his head far forward, feeling a sharp pain in the back of his neck as he did so. A thousand times had he done this in the last three days; even the neck of an athlete will wince at last under the strain of many repetitions of that involuntary effort to crane forward on the outlook, as one rushes to the rail of a steamer and

leans out over the water vainly hoping to see another craft at a league's distance.

There was great need that Fournier should see. His eyes, his nerves all high-strung, were the only things that stood between him and instant death. For he was flying with the speed of the wind in its moments of cyclonic rage straight along the German highway near the royal town of Potsdam—flying at eighty miles an hour through a narrow lane between two black fringes. He knew these dark borders of the white dusty path were composed of human atoms because his ears—not his eyes—told him so. He could hear the shouts—"Bravo, Fournier! Bravo, Fournier!" He heard the strongest-lunged cry the first word; but the phrase was for him finished by another strong-lunged man forty yards farther on. That fast he flew. The two lines of people, with their variegated colors of coats and gowns and sunshades and the brighter millinery hues of the women, blended into two darkish streaks bordered with the flesh tints of rows of ruddy faces. From these dark walls a roar of shouts and cries came out at him, rolled along with him; he could hear it rumble and die away behind him—marks of the sensation produced by his meteoric passage. Had he looked backward he would have seen the parallel bands of men and women fluttering, trying to break into the highway; two inner restraining walls of soldiers, each man gripping the outstretched hands of his two neighbors, trying to hold them. So great the pressure from without that the walls wavered, stretched, elastic-like; more pressure, and they broke, as sweaty fist slipped from fist. The mob hurled itself into the road, buried itself in the cloud of dust, eager to see it knew not what; it was driven back by the police, gesticulating, shouting, shoving. Fournier had passed on his way to Berlin, but others were coming—Girardot, Brazier, Réne de Knyff, Charron, Farman—and the government of the Kaiser had pledged itself to keep a clear way. German authority, German discipline, were on trial. So the road was quickly swept by the police and the soldiers; the masses were again pressed into shape at the margins; the restraining walls of burly figures cemented together by gripped moist hands were speedily reconstructed.

But Fournier saw none of this. He did not look backward. His work lay before him, where there were no clouds of dust, thanks to the prowess which had put all rivals to the rear, but always the open lane between the two windrows of waiting mortals, the compressed human masses which were never at rest, but ever beating against the backs of the bulwarks in uniform. Now a small boy—the one human institution that is the same the world over—squeezes through the wall and sprawls upon the highway. To Fournier he is a mere speck in the distance—a speck of dirt, or matter out of place. But the small speck raises a large problem. When that urchin rises to his feet will he attempt to cross the road? Will he return to the side whence he came? Or will he lose his head amidst the cries and the excitement and stand there right in the course? It seems a trifling thing; it is. But these are the problems on whose solution, rightly or wrongly, hangs success or failure. The decision must be reached, not through deliberation, not by calm consideration, not in minutes or even seconds, but in a flash. Here experience counts—long observation of average mortals in given situations. One glance, in which the figure of the sprawling lad is silhouetted upon the sensitive film of the brain; one glance, in which the master of the automobile measures every line and gesture and from them reduces a probability of action, and Fournier's decision is reached. He does not check his speed. He is going to chance it.

What if there is a mistake in his calculation or his intuition? In the two seconds of time which have elapsed while the visual impression was being carried to his brain and while he was going through the subconscious process which revoked the natural impulse to slow down at the first sign of danger—the boy still sprawling in the dirt—in these two seconds the giant automobile had traveled 234 feet. The black speck in the distance now becomes a large, flustered boy picking himself up from the dust 300 feet away. From behind his great goggles Fournier's eyes measure the distance and the corresponding time—less than three seconds. If the boy steps backward, all will be well. If he steps forward to the center of the narrow path—some one else will win the international automobile race from Paris to Berlin while Fournier stops to satisfy the law's demands by attending the inquest. Now Fournier can hear the people shouting at the youthful intruder—200 feet and two seconds remain. The boy starts backward, but he is too slow. He has poor calculation of distance and time. He may gage the approach of swift locomotives, but the swifter automobiles are beyond his ken. Ah—a sol-

FOURNIER TAKING A SHARP TURN AT FULL SPEED.

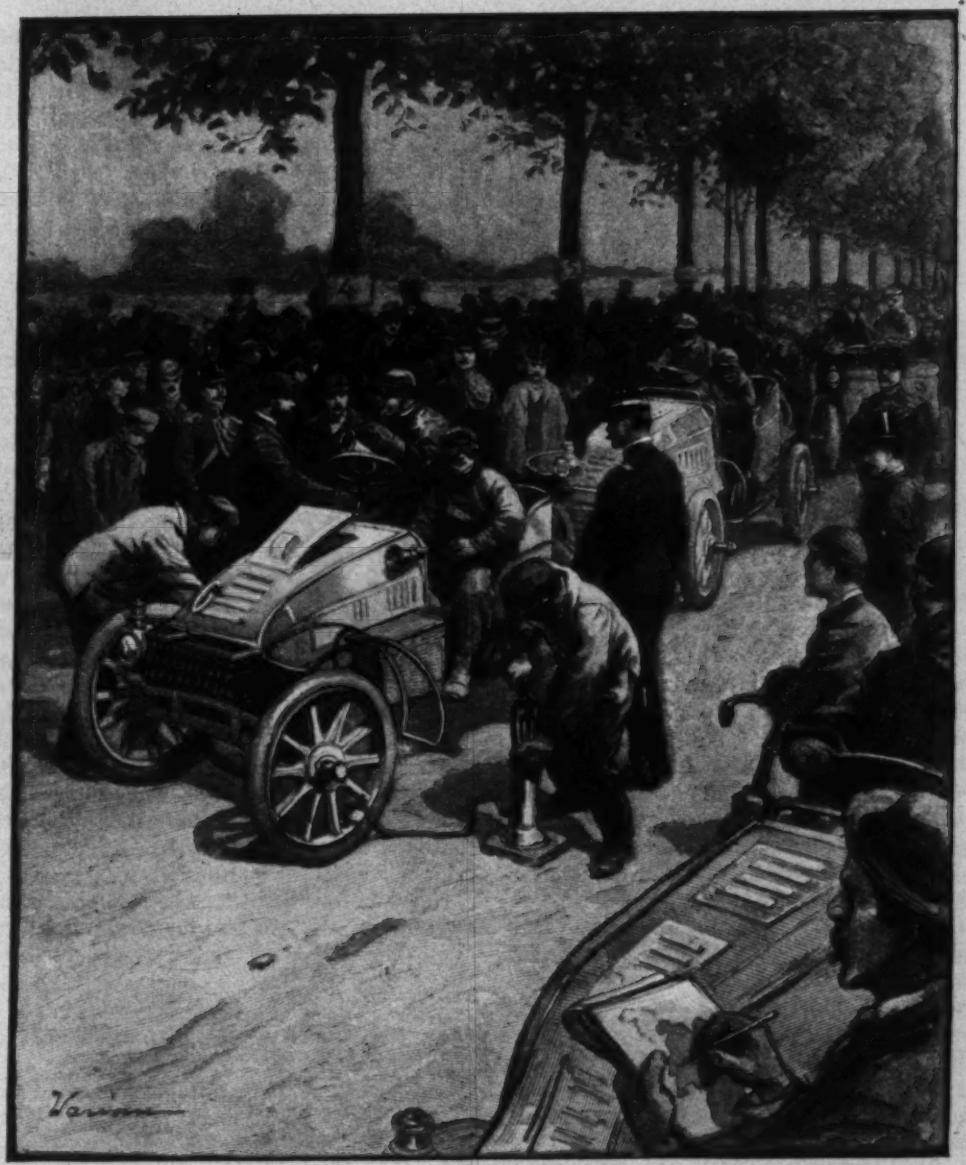
His helper leaning out to preserve the equipoise of the machine.

dier thrusts out his hand, grabs the youngster's jacket, and with a quick jerk of his forearm pulls him in. The big white racing machine rushes over the spot, amid guttural cries of relief from the excited multitude. Fournier's flash of divination had flashed true.

Little as Fournier could see of the people, they saw less of him. Those in the front ranks, pushing their heads out over the arms of the soldiers, could discern something gray in the wavering perspective of the road from Brandenburg. Above it, part of it, was a black dot. The gray thing was the sixty horse-power racing machine in which Fournier had come faster than the fastest railway train all the way from Paris—a machine built for power, for speed, for endurance, for rough work; lying low near the ground; cut rakish fore and aft; pointing a sharp nose into the wind. The black speck hovering over it was Fournier. A German *Hausfrau*, weary of her vigil, but determined to see the spectacle she had so long waited for, protruded her head. She heard the cries of the crowd up the road. The chorus grew louder, came nearer. Shading her eyes from the sun, she could just see the gray thing in the distance. It was a half-mile away—a half-mile of smooth road, with a slight down-grade toward the spot where she stood. Turning quickly, she lifted her little girl in her arms, that the child might see, too. As she did so the roar of human voices was all about her; the gray thing with the black speck hovering over it whizzed past her. Whether it were automobile, ghost, locomotive, or demon she could not say. If an automobile, whether man or woman or goblin rode it she did not know. All that her consciousness gathered in was a vision; a roar like that of an electric tram-car, a swelling chorus of human shouts that came from afar like a thunderbolt and reached its climax as the vision flitted by, then died away in an enveloping cloud of dust. Some one said it was Fournier, and that Fournier would win. How he knew, no one could tell. "*Donnerwetter!*" exclaimed the *Hausfrau*, as she put down her child. Eighty miles an hour is a great thing to talk about, a poor thing to see. The lightning flash gives little opportunity for study of the lightning.

Fournier swept on. The throngs on either side of him grew denser. The white road, a mere path through a black mass, was always clear. All along the soldier-wall; nowhere stray vehicles or other obstacles. Through royal Potsdam, along the banks of the Spree, past beautiful castles, and the crowds spreading wider every moment. Hoarser and more prolonged the cry of admiration and encouragement that rolls along with him. The road is good here, the grade is favorable, and the driver makes the most of it. Ahead the white path comes to an end, runs plump into the dark masses. A blue flag greets his eye, the official signal for slow speed, *un passage dangereux*. It is a sharp turn in the road. Slipping the controller back to third speed, Fournier approaches the turn. He is still going fifty miles an hour. The great machine rises; it virtually runs on two wheels; the helper leans far out from it to counterbalance the effect of his momentum. The spectators gasp as they see the big racer poised in the air, sweeping round the turn. They cheer when it comes down on all fours and rushes away toward Berlin.

Having reached a slight elevation in the road, the hardy chauffeur turns for one quick glance behind him. It is enough. For, looking over the dust-cloud which he himself had raised, he can see no rival within striking distance. Fournier smiles. He slackens speed. The crowds are pressing hard against the restraining walls, and something might break. With his good lead it is now needful only to avert accident and the result is assured. Farther on, more blue flags, more turnings of the road. Fournier tries to speak to his mechanic, but cannot make himself heard; his words are swallowed up in the din of the excited people. They are shouting at him all manner of greetings which he cannot understand. His heart leaps as he sees before him the flags and stands of the hippodrome at Tradderenaben, in the outskirts of Berlin. Berlin at last! Half of Prussia appears to be there. Fournier spits from his lips some of the accumulated dust. Rising in his seat, he can see nothing but acres of humanity. They are all roaring at him. As he sweeps into the enclosure and appears upon the race-track, the cries of 50,000 people drown all the noises of his motor. Everywhere flags are waving—the flags of Germany and France together! As the gray racer and its grimy driver roll up before the tribune—filled with the fine people of the town—a German military band strikes up The Marseillaise in honor of the Frenchman who is victor of the greatest long-distance automobile race ever run. In spite of police, of soldiers, in spite of everything the enthusiastic people



THE START.

The morning of June 27th, on the road to Champigny.

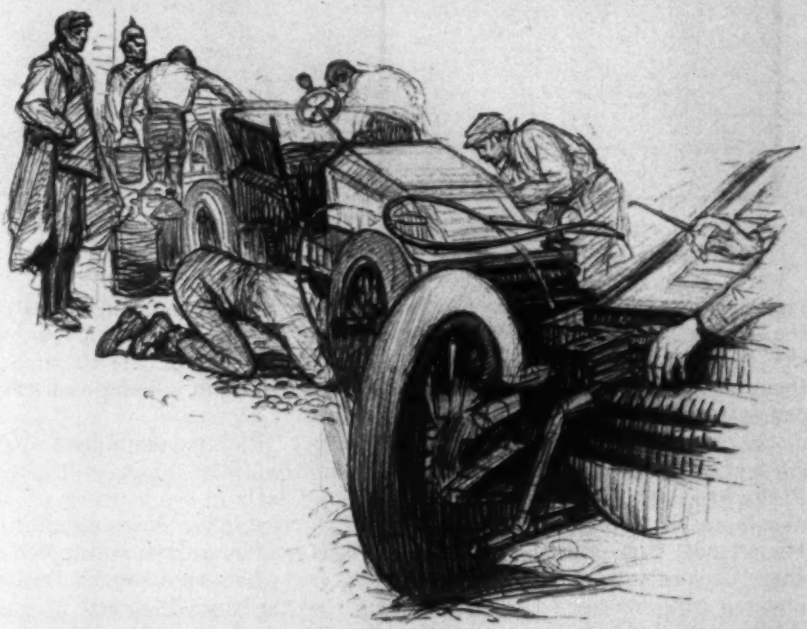
surge out upon the track. They surround the big machine, eager to touch its body or the thick rubber tires. The police fight them off at last and clear a way so Fournier can move up to the post, sign the register at the control, complete his triumph in accordance with the rules. It is done. Paris-Berlin has been run and won. Henri Fournier is nearly smothered in the embraces of his friends from France. Upon his head they place a laurel-wreath. His machine is covered with flowers. The president of the Automobile Club of Germany gives him official welcome. Then the crowd lift him upon their shoulders and carry him away to clear the dust of the German highway from his throat in a loving-cup of *Weissbier*.

Picturesque indeed was the scene at Fort de Champigny, on the outskirts of Paris, early in the morning of June 27th. As the first gray dawn-light crept down from the north, great crowds of men and women were to be seen along the boulevard. All through the night they had been coming from Paris, afoot, in automobiles, on bicycles, in swell

A Preliminary Toilet.

carriages, in hired voitures for which some had paid as high as 360 francs the night. There was a feast of lanterns and of headlights moving to and fro. Little could be heard but the shrill toots of wheelmen's horns and the deeper base of the automobile sirens. There was a hum of conversation, a babel of shouts. By daylight the police had cleared the way. Officials were running about, excitedly endeavoring to get every one into his assigned place. For a time the air was filled with the grunting of huge automobile racers, the teuf-teuf of the voiturettes, and the sharp short explosions of the motocycles, as competitor after competitor moved to his station. As the favorites appeared cries were heard here and there—"*Voilà Fournier!*" "*Voilà Girardot!*" or Farman or Charron as the case might be. By half-past three 109 racing vehicles, each bearing its official number on a large placard, were drawn up, one after the other, each by a tree marked with the corresponding numerals. Just before 3.30—it was now almost broad daylight in the latitude of Paris—the timekeeper counted off the final seconds—"*Dix, cinq, quatre, trois, deux, un—partez!*" M. Giraud, in a giant racing machine, darted away on the long road to Berlin. Exactly two minutes later Number 2, M. Gilles Hourgières, started in pursuit of Giraud. Then Fournier moved up to the post, and was sent away in his turn; he was Number 4, but Number 3 had dropped out. After Fournier came Charron, Girardot, Réne de Knyff—famous chauffeurs all. And so for over three hours the work went on, till the last of the 109 competitors had been despatched upon his way to the German capital.

Never before had there been such a great race; never before so many competitors;



Grooming the horses. *After arrival only fifteen minutes was allowed to look after the machines.*

never before such elaborate arrangements. For months the automobile clubs of France and Germany, with the coöperation of the clubs of England and Belgium, had been making preparations. Contestants paid an entrance fee of 300 francs or less, and started in the order their applications were received. There were four classes—(1) automobiles weighing more than 1,450 pounds; (2) automobiles weighing from 880 to 1,450 pounds; (3) voiturettes weighing from 550 to 880 pounds; and (4) motocycles or motocyclettes weighing less than 550 pounds. The actual starters were forty-one heavy automobiles, of which two were steam and five alcohol; forty-seven light automobiles, ten voiturettes, and eleven motocycles. Each vehicle in the two heavy classes was required to carry at least two men, side by side, and if the weight of the two travelers fell below 310 pounds the deficiency had to be made up in ballast. All along the course from Paris to Berlin the road had been carefully surveyed. The dangerous points were marked by blue flags. Places at which full stops were required were denoted by yellow flags. Hundreds of placards indicated the course, so that at turnings and cross-roads no contestant need lose his way. By the coöperation of the local authorities the road was kept cleared during the hours of the race, all ordinary traffic being required to keep scrupulously to the right, leaving an open space for the flying vehicles. About fifty towns were "neutralized"; that is to say, all competitors were required to consume the same time in passing through them. At the entrance to each neutralized town a "control" was established, and another at the exit. When a contestant arrived at the first control his time was taken by the official time-keeper and written down upon a card. This was handed over to a bicycle-pilot who conducted the racer through the town at slow speed; not till the legal time had elapsed was departure permitted from the other frontier. No vehicle could be pushed or pulled by any other persons than those it carried throughout the race. So elaborate were the arrangements that more than 2,000 representatives of the automobile clubs—controllers, time-keepers, pilots, and flagmen—were scattered along the course, to say nothing of the many thousands of police and soldiers who aided in keeping a clear way. So well was all this work done, and so careful were all the contestants to obey the rules, that no complaints or protests arose in any quarter. Of course the leading manufacturers were alert to the trade possibilities of the great race. One firm is reported to have incurred an expenditure of $35,000, not including the cost of the machines it put into the contest. It sent out no fewer than seventy-seven mechanics, ready to make any needful repairs along the road. They were provided with tires, wheels, bolts, piston-rods, and many other parts, and were prepared to adjust them at a moment's notice. An oil-merchant scattered 1,500 gallons of petroleum along the route, to be taken up as needed by his customers. The value of the machines engaged in this contest runs up to high figures. Thirty of them cost from $5,000 to $8,000 each; fifty more from $3,000 to $5,000.

With the goggles brought down over the eyes, and the flaps brought around covering the entire face, the automobilist is ready for the race.

Great excitement that 27th of July in Paris. Bulletins every few minutes at the newspaper offices and in the automobile headquarters along the Avenue de la Grand Armée. Great interest throughout Europe. Who was to win the first stage of the journey, from Paris to Aix-la-Chapelle? Telegrams from various towns indicated that a battle-royal was on between the crack chauffeurs. At Epernay, eighty miles from Paris, Gilles Hourgières was first, but close behind him were Fournier, Charron, Girardot, Réne de Knyff, Farman, and other formidable competitors. They were all Frenchmen, these leaders. No German, no Englishman, was at the front. A few miles

farther on Fournier secured the lead, and he was at once picked for a winner by all who bore in mind his remarkable performance in the race to Bordeaux a few weeks before. How fierce the struggle at this stage of the race may be judged by the fact that at Sedan less than an hour separated the first and the tenth arrival.

Unexpectedly early in the day came news of the arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle. Fournier had covered the 283 miles in 6 hours and 28 minutes, an average speed of about 44 miles per hour, "neutralization" deducted. De Knyff was second in 6:34, Voigt third in 6:47. Janott, an Englishman, driving a French machine, was the first of the foreigners, Number 13. Foxhall Keene, the only American in the race, was 18th. Madame Dugast, a plucky Frenchwoman, was 28th. The superiority of the heavy automobiles, with their great equipment of power, was shown by the fact that the first seventeen arrivals were of the first-class type, while few of the light automobiles or voiturettes made speed at all comparable with that of the leaders.

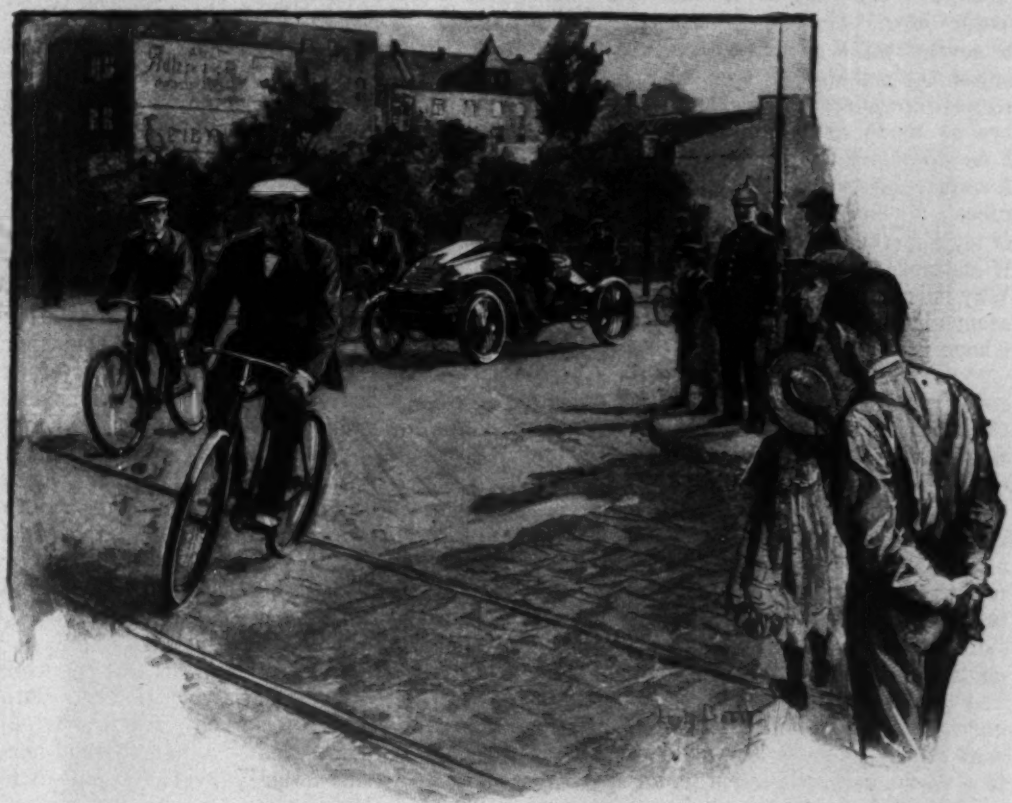
At Aix-la-Chapelle the contestants were to rest for the night. Following the rules, each man upon arrival placed his vehicle in the enclosure officially designated for that purpose, where he and his assistants were allowed precisely fifteen minutes for giving attention to the machine. The number of persons admitted for this period was limited by the number of passengers the vehicle had carried in the race. For instance, Fournier's machine was permitted the attention of three men, having carried two passengers. But a voiturette or motocycle which had carried only its driver could be looked after by but one man in addition to the contestant himself. Next morning each chauffeur and his helpers were allowed one hour in which to prepare the machine for the day's journey.

ON THE ROAD TO HANOVER.

A trumpeter warning the people to look out for the racers.

At 5 o'clock the race was resumed. By virtue of his achievement of the previous day Fournier was now the first to start. He need take no one's dust so long as he can hold the lead. But can he hold it? De Knyff, second man, is only six minutes behind. Girardot, who ran Fournier hard in Paris-Bordeaux, is well up. Charron and Farman, always dangerous men, are not far away. It is a race now for sure. The greatest chauffeurs in the world, driving the speediest and most powerful machines, are engaged in a desperate struggle. At Cologne more than a dozen racers pass within an hour. At Düsseldorf Girardot actually takes the lead from Fournier, though it is only a minute's margin that separates them. A new Richmond is here heard from. Antony is reported coming at a mad pace. Every man in the race is on his mettle. His blood is up. One dust-cloud follows another along the highway. Everywhere the two lines of waiting people—dense crowds in the towns and villages, thinner fringes in the rural districts, but people everywhere. As it had been in France and Belgium, so it is now in Germany. All the world loves a race, and from Paris to Berlin no need of guide-posts or placards to point the way. All the chauffeur has to do is to keep between the parallel lines of spectators stretching from town to town and from city to city.

Here the roads are not so good. There are many turns, and a turn is always a source of danger. Woe to the chauffeur who miscalculates speed and distance and rounds too fast. There are rough spots; and the keenest eyes, the greatest skill, the best judgment, are at a premium. Edge, one of the Englishmen, is thrown out of the race by his machine taking a leap in the air at a culvert and failing to come down on all fours. Foxsnap, a tire explode. Is it the man or the machine that wins a race? It is both—and luck. As with the horse and the jockey, so with the automobile and the chauffeur. If either is deficient, the race is lost. Both are unavailing without good fortune. In all my races I have had good luck; I have never had a serious accident. Here is where good driving counts. According to my theory the good driver should never have a road acci-



IN THE STREETS OF HANOVER.

Piloted by official cyclists through the "neutralized" territory of the city.

hall Keene has a similar experience, alighting in a potato-patch. One contestant loses forty-five minutes and his chance of victory by running over and killing a small boy.

Automobile racing is a good deal like the race of life. Those who win must have a good equipment; drive hard yet not too hard; know when to put on all the pressure and when to slow down; and even then they cannot get along without luck. Luck is an element of the first-rate order.

"I never felt sure of winning till I had reached the post," said Fournier; "within a mile—yes, a furlong of it, one may have a break-down. A valve may go wrong, a rod dent, such as a collision with another vehicle or a person or a tree or post or fence. The good driver will never let his machine go too fast round a turn or over a rough spot. That is what he is there for—to take advantage of all favorable openings, to avoid all dangers.

"What do I regard as the secret of my success? Caution—yes, caution more than nerve. The reckless man will never win. He is the pitcher who goes too many times to the well. The secret of success is to keep out of trouble, and that means to go slowly and carefully where there is danger. Then when conditions are favorable, when

the way is clear and straight and smooth, push her like mad! Chauffeurs are born, not made. I do it, and I do not know how. It is not logic, but feeling. I feel danger. I follow my instinct rather than my reason. Say I am driving hard along a good road. A culvert appears in the distance. I have been over the course carefully, two weeks before, in preparation for the race, as have most of my serious competitors. But I cannot remember every foot of a road 1,200 kilometers long. Is that culvert safe at sixty or seventy miles an hour? Or is it likely to smash the machine, or toss one up in the air to come down in wreck and ruin? Strain the eye as much as I can and I cannot see. I do not know. I must take my chance. I cannot say what others do, but in such cases I always have recourse to my feelings. If my instinct tells me to slow down, I slow. If instinct tells me to go on full speed, I go. Why it is I cannot explain; but my impulses seem always correct. They never fail me. I have grown to trust them.

"So it is, too, with the people. If we could run a race without spectators much of the enjoyment but also much of the danger would be taken away. It is a thrilling experience to drive from Paris to Berlin between banks of men and women; it is inspiriting to be accompanied by a chorus of human cries; it is like a dream to race for three days through a grove of fluttering handkerchiefs and waving banners. But if there were no people along the way one's nerves would not be so much tried. The people cause our hearts to jump into our mouths about once in five minutes. I wish some psychologist would explain why it is that a certain percentage of spectators are always seized with a desire to cross the course right before one's machine. Worse still, a certain percentage of those who start to cross are in doubt as to what they should do. They get to the middle of the road and stop there aimlessly, frightened or indifferent. They bring gray hairs to the head of the racing chauffeur. Shall we slow down, stop, or drive straight on and take our chances? Here again I always rely upon my instinct. Something—I don't know what—tells me this man will get out of the way all right, that this one is slow and will need a little more time—and I act accordingly. In all my driving I have never hurt man, woman, or child.

"There are accidents which the best drivers cannot avert. Things will go wrong about the machine. A score of my competitors lost their chance by break-downs. One who might have won a place had his machine disabled within sight of Berlin. The tires are a weak point in every automobile. I gained the lead the first day out from Paris, not by driving recklessly in the dust of Giraud and Hourgières, but by passing them while they were stopping to put on new tires. I never saw them again along the course. My machine lost eleven tires between Paris and Berlin, nine from punctures and two from explosions. Fortunately my mechanic was the quickest and strongest man in the trade. We replaced our tires in an average of nine minutes each. Many workmen need twelve or fifteen minutes, while the amateur chauffeur is likely to use a full half hour."

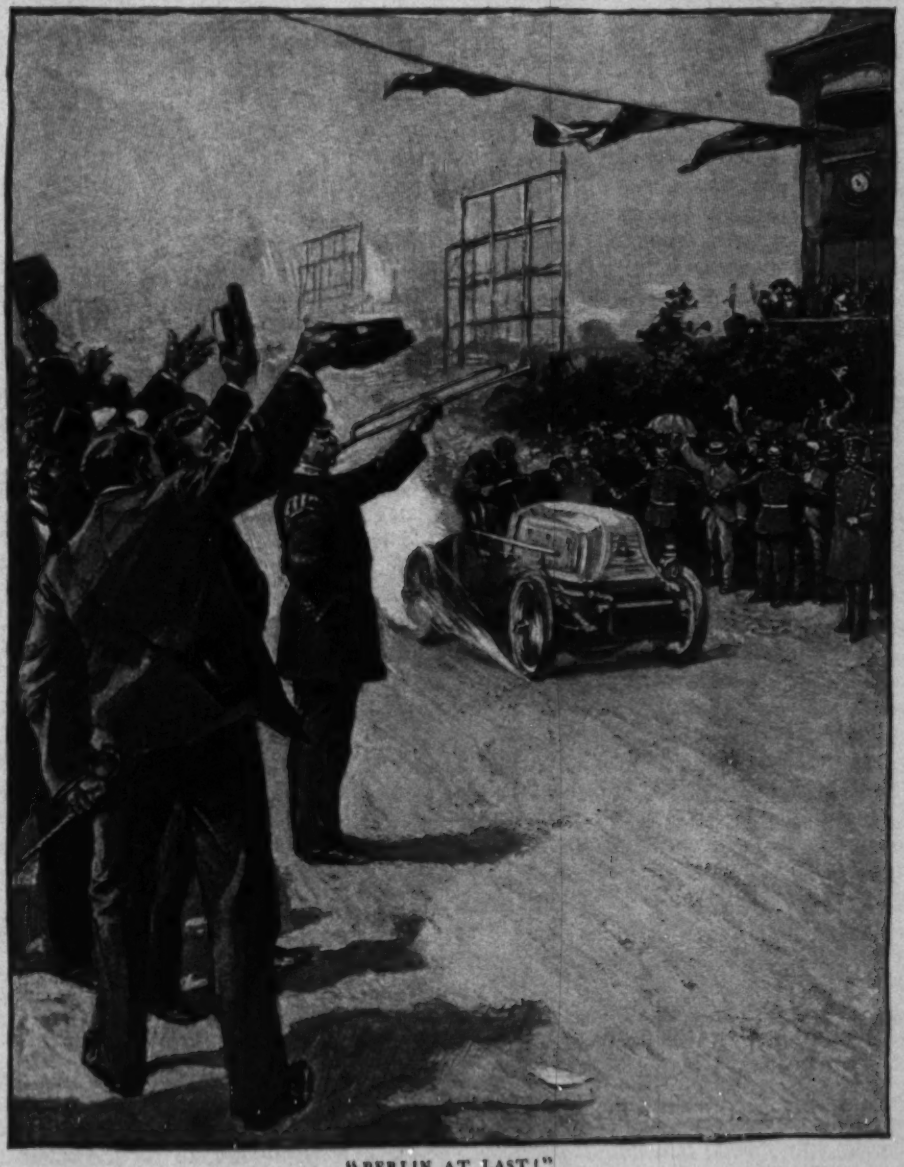
In the history of automobile racing there never was a fiercer struggle than that on the road from Aix-la-Chapelle to Hanover. The most desperate contest was between Fournier and Antony. Fournier arrived first, but Antony made the faster journey. The latter had covered the 277 miles in the astonishing time of five hours and six minutes—fifty-four miles per hour! Fournier's time was five hours and twenty-four minutes. De Knyff and Girardot were only thirty minutes behind. Another night of rest for the racers whose overwrought nerves permitted them to sleep—a night of recuperation for the final struggle of the morrow.

"Did you rest well at Hanover?" I asked Fournier. "Yes, I rested," he replied, "but I did not sleep—neither there nor at Aix-la-Chapelle. I had not a wink of sleep between Paris and Berlin. Both nights I tossed in my bed. There was always before my eyes that narrow road bordered with human beings—always some little child straying out in the path in front of me!"

Next morning bright and early Fournier and his two helpers prepared their huge white racer for the day's work. They put on new tires, examined all the valves and gear, took on a supply of petroleum. At five o'clock, Fournier, smiling, his good machine well in hand, his trusty mechanic by his side, took his place at the starting post, was given the word, and sped away for Berlin. He had twenty-one minutes' time-advantage over Antony, his nearest rival, thanks to his success of the first day. Twelve minutes later Antony, the "dark horse," the "mad driver," set out impetuously on the trail of his antagonist. For a time the race was hot. Antony was determined to overtake the leader if sharp driving would do it.

He had everything to gain, nothing to lose. Fournier, on the other hand, with the race in hand, with the scent of victory in his nostrils, had only to hold that which he had.

When the road was straight and smooth and good they flew like the wind. Eighty miles an hour was often reached on the best stretches with favorable gradients. Eighty miles an hour! Can you understand what that means? A mile in forty-five seconds. One hundred and seventeen feet in one second. While traveling on a fast railway train take out your watch and time the seconds from one mile-post to another. You will rarely find the number fifty-five. The fastest single mile ever made by a locomotive, so far as is known, was in thirty-two seconds, and that on the best of steel tracks with a sharp down-grade. But here is a mile in forty-five seconds upon a country road. Imagine yourself in the seat with Fournier or Antony. At forty miles an hour your eyes, if unprotected by goggles, weep like Niobe, and the tears, instead of coursing down your cheeks, run back upon your temples. At fifty miles an hour unprotected eyes go blind. At sixty miles an hour a pebble in the path may cause the great racer to leap like a panther. At seventy miles an hour one cannot hold to his seat without seizing and gripping something.



"BERLIN AT LAST!"

At eighty miles an hour only the hardiest of chauffeurs like Fournier can keep breath in body without the use of a face-mask that covers nostrils and mouth.

At eighty miles an hour you travel the length of an American passenger train while turning your head for the swiftest sort of glance at the fleeting landscape. If you were traversing Broadway at that speed and lifted your hat to a lady at Thirty-fourth Street you would put it back on your head at Thirty-eighth. You would cross twenty-seven intersecting streets in one minute. At eighty miles an hour one would travel from New York to Chicago in eleven and a half hours instead of the twenty-four now used by the fastest trains. At eighty miles an hour the Empire State Express would pass from New York to Buffalo in five hours and a half instead of in the eight hours and a quarter which it now employs.

When one comes to think what eighty miles an hour actually means it is not surprising that the racing chauffeurs had their hearts in their mouths when they saw a child standing in the course before them. It is true that even at this tremendous speed a big automobile may be brought to a dead stop in seventy-five yards, if one wishes to put on the brakes sharply, perhaps wreck his machine, possibly pitch himself out forward and break his neck. But stopping with the brakes is the smallest part of it. Suppose Fournier had found it necessary to stop for the lad in the street near Potsdam. It would have taken him three seconds to go through the preliminary mental process and to disconnect; that is 350 feet. It would have taken three seconds to get the brake gear in motion, and the brakes actually applied; that is 350 feet more. Add seventy-five yards for the operation of the brakes to the stopping point and we have a total of 925 feet traveled from the instant the chauffeur reached his decision. It is thus easy to see why the automobile racer must carry a good set of nerves in his personal equipment; and it is not difficult to understand why Fournier, after a sleepless night in Paris before the start, should lie a night at Aix-la-Chapelle and another night at Hanover with that black-bordered white path, in which stood a human figure, dancing ever before his eyes.

The race of automobiles is to the swift and to the sure. Fournier ran with alternating courage and caution. "Mad" Antony ran with recklessness ever. Not far from Hanover, while a good second, he met with an accident which threw him out of the race. Fournier, driving carefully on, was first at Berlin. In seventeen hours, three minutes and forty-three seconds he had traversed the 745 miles which lie between Paris and Berlin—an average speed of almost forty-four miles an hour. Next was Girardot, an hour and six minutes later—"Girardot the Eternal Second," as the French call him, from the fact that this was his third time second in great long-distance races. Four others, De Knyff, Brazier, and H. Farman, ran the course in less than twenty hours. Madame Dugast finished in twenty-seven hours, handicapped by the weight of flowers thrown upon her machine at every village. Forty of the 109 starters actually reached Berlin, the slowest journey of all being thirty-one hours and forty-eight minutes. A noteworthy performance was that of Osmont in a motocycle—only three hours and fifteen minutes behind the winner.

A great achievement, surely, this journey over country roads from the capital of France to the capital of Germany in seventeen hours. The Nord Express, the fastest train between the two cities, uses an hour more. But even greater speed was made in the race from Paris to Bordeaux; for there the distance was shorter, the roads better. In that race Fournier made the astonishing average of nearly fifty-seven miles an hour.

The racing figures tell the story of the perfection of the road automobile, because high speed means good construction and great endurance. The notable long-distance races of Europe have been:

Year.	Course.	Miles.	Time. H. M.	Miles per Hour.	Horse-power.	Chauffeur.
1895	Paris—Bordeaux—Paris	715	48 48	14.67	4	Levassor
1896	Paris—Marseilles—Paris	1,068	64 42	16.52	8	Mayade
1898	Paris—Amsterdam	933	33 04½	28.21	8	Charron
1899	Tour of France	1,429	42 33	33.58	16	Réne De Knyff
1900	Paris—Toulouse—Paris	837	20 50	40.21	28	Levegh
1901	Paris—Bordeaux	346	6 07¾	56.48	60	Fournier
1901	Paris—Berlin	745	17 03¾	43.66	60	Fournier

WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL.

By Joseph M. Rogers.

THE time came, as it was sure to come at last, when Martin Dooner had to stand with his back to the wall and fight for his political prestige. Not that in his twenty-five years of power he had met with no obstacles. There had been times, especially at first, when he had to fight with all the fervor of a Donegal stranger at the Donnybrook Fair; but he had won, and had got so in the habit of winning that for many years he considered himself entitled to his power almost by prescriptive right. He had been alderman for a quarter of a century. He kept a saloon. He knew every man in his ward, and he introduced into it many strangers on election day to exercise the freeman's right of voting without legal permission. He had been in fights innumerable, both physical and political. He had been called every name imaginable, except those applied to saints, and had the reputation of being a bad man to run up against. His picture appeared in public print very often, and not always accompanied by eulogy. None of these things moved him. He carried his ward in his vest pocket. He was a power that the bosses had to reckon with. He got his share of appointments, his proportion of the "rake-offs" in contracts, and paid his assessments or carried his ward in a most masterful manner. When one thought of the Sixth Ward, it was to think first of Martin Dooner. He was the ward. He gloried in it to the extent that he went to any length to maintain his position. He was not rich. His saloon paid well, and he was not in politics "for his health," but he was not avaricious. Beneath a rough exterior and behind an almost brutal mask there beat as kindly a Celtic heart as ever reached America on the threshold of manhood.

Dooner was a type, a development of politics. One of his ancestors had been hanged in '98. His own father had been shot in an altercation over "the rent," though this was long before the "Plan of Campaign." Martin came to America alone and fought out his career on his own feet. As a youth he had gone into a brewery, and had soon distanced all his competitors in ability to swing kegs high up on the old-fashioned drays. He fought his dearest friends to prove that he could not be slighted with impunity. Becoming collector for the brewery, he showed his fitness by returning a smaller percentage of bad debts than any of his predecessors. This was accomplished partly by blarney, partly by a shrewd calculation of the debtors' ability, and partly by the use of a pair of fists that looked like cannon balls, and felt much the same at the point of impact. It was natural that before long he should have his own saloon in a neighborhood that was not well known for its intellectuality, but one where the spiritual longings of the neighborhood required frequent assuaging. At twenty-five he went into politics, and carried his division by a majority of 432 where the total legal registered vote was about 389. This showed a capacity for leadership, a fundamental understanding of democracy as it was practised, and, above all, a perception of the undeniable fact that the longest pole knocked the persimmon. He was good at making political poles.

At thirty he made the first big fight of his life, and carried his ward for alderman with the generous assistance of men who had been imported for the purpose. His opponent contested the election, but as he had too many glass windows in his own house, the matter was dropped for a consideration. Dooner developed rather slowly. He knew his limitations, and did not seek for power at once. He looked after his fences and prepared for better things in future. Patronage was his weapon of offense and defense, and his constituency was such that he did not care for the more lucrative offices, but would trade off a good clerkship that was due him for two street-sweepers and a scrub-woman. In this way he built up a little machine of his own that ultimately became well-nigh invincible. But he had to fight for a time. No one but he knows what schemes he carried out to win, and he is not telling any one. Out of the nettle danger he always managed to pluck the flower safety, until at last resistance seemed almost useless, and for years he lived, not only supreme in political power, but looked upon as a sort of patron of the ward to whom

every man in trouble went for aid. The widow without coal and the "drunk and disorderly" at the police station sent for him with unfailing regularity and never in vain.

There is no position in this country so unique as that of a ward leader in the so-called slum districts of our cities. His leadership is not all brutish, and if it is to be replaced, it will require something different from the ordinary conception of theoretical reformers. Dooner had grown with his ward, which had become cosmopolitan in race, language, and habits. He alone kept in touch with the constantly shifting population. When he opened his saloon, there were a few Irish and Germans in the ward, and the rest were native born. Now the latter scarcely amounted to a handful; but there were gathered together men, women, and children (particularly children) from every quarter of the globe and from almost every nation. Indeed, Dooner used to say, with a grim smile, that he could furnish the foreign missionaries of a large denomination with enough subjects for spiritual aid to keep them busy without crossing the water, and in all the discomfort they could expect in the jungles of Africa. There were Italians who dug ditches, Jews who made cheap garments in miserable garrets, Swedish longshoremen, Greek sailors, Syrian peddlers, Chinese laundrymen, and a long list of others who spoke no English, and, if they lived in squalor, looked on their condition as heavenly compared with what they had left behind. To all these Dooner was a lord of the manor, a political boss at elections, and an ever-present help in time of trouble.

It was not pure selfishness. Dooner was above the average in shrewdness, even if of little culture. He took pride in maintaining his prestige, and looked upon his retainers with joy and compassion. He could have done less without endangering his prestige, but half-heartedness was not one of his characteristics. In manner he was gruff; in language sententious; in conduct kind. He could "swear the iron bars off the cage at the station-house," according to report, but he promptly bailed the transgressor. He could berate a trembling Italian who asked the loan of fifty cents until he shrunk visibly, but the money was paid.

Time had not dealt kindly with him. He looked ten years more than his age. Besides his own troubles he had helped carry those of others under circumstances that were not health-giving. He was grim, grizzled, and morose. His wife was dead, and he had no children but his constituents. Life had seldom looked as gloomy to him as on that September morning, even before he heard the news. When the blow came, he was crushed for a time. He would have given anything to be back in the green fields of Ireland without responsibilities and without care.

It came about on this wise. The mayor of the city, who was the head of that machine with whose fortunes Dooner's were constantly bound up, died suddenly of apoplexy, and under the law the president of the Board of Aldermen succeeded him. This simple statement is luminous only when explained. The new mayor, Hartshorne, was a deadly enemy of Dooner's, though they were both of the same party. There had been some words between them on the floor of councils concerning a contract. Who was in the right matters little. It led to recriminations, and finally to Dooner's offer to settle the matter outside the chamber. This was rejected with a contemptuous remark that rankled in Dooner's breast. Each had threatened to "do" the other, but the occasion had never arisen until now. By a stroke of fate, Hartshorne was in a position to deal his enemy hard blows.

Dooner knew this only too well. He spent little time in mourning for the late mayor—his mind was fixed on his own future. He could do one of three things—get out of politics, which on many accounts would have suited him; try and make peace with the new mayor, which his pride would not allow; or fight. He said nothing and waited. It was not for long. Three days after the funeral word was sent out by the "old man," as the mayor is always known, to "break" Dooner, who most unfortunately was up for reëlection in November.

At the first announcement Dooner's friends rushed to his support. They promised him everything and threatened dire evil to his opponents. Dooner said nothing. He knew the worth of such promises. He might have got out altogether, but the death of the mayor was made the occasion of another sporadic attempt to reform councils, concerning whose membership not much good could be said that was true, and nothing bad that was wholly false. A Committee of One Hundred Best Citizens was organized to carry out a campaign to purify councils in the coming elections, and it was generally understood that they would fight nearly every sitting member. When this was known, Dooner made up his mind to fight. He could stand aside as against a machine man, but against

organized opposition of mugwumps he would not quail. His coat came off and he stood with his back to the wall.

The situation looked desperate enough. Orders went out that every office-holder in the ward should turn in against him. There were lots of them, every one of whom owed his job to Dooner, but they owed their future to the mayor, who could cut off their heads instantly, and would do so without the slightest compunction. Many of these came with tears in their eyes to Dooner and bemoaned their fate. To them Dooner gave the advice that they obey orders and save their jobs, but to do no more than was required. He would rather lose than see his cohorts impoverished. The bitterest experience of his life was when the police lieutenant of the district came in, and in the back room of the saloon announced that the old man had ordered his defeat, that it was inevitable, and suggested that he (Dooner) "throw up the sponge" in advance. The lieutenant was a young man whom Dooner had known since he played in the gutters. It was due solely to Dooner that he had got on the force, and had been promoted over the heads of older and better men to be a lieutenant. There had not been a time in the past ten years when a word from Dooner would not have "broken" him. It was pretty hard to be told by this youngster that he must get out. The lieutenant felt worse over the situation than did Dooner. All the latter would say was, "I'll stick," and he set his jaws together in a way that made his auditor squirm. Nothing under heaven, after this, would have kept Dooner from making the fight.

It was hard work. Deprived of the services of his office-holding lieutenants, he had to organize the entire ward anew. Just what he did and how he did it is too long a story to tell; but from the moment the fight began there was little sleep on either side. Of course Dooner's long leadership had created rivalries, which from time to time he had suppressed with money, with office, or by means of an overwhelming defeat at the polls. There was one man whom he had befriended, not only in politics, but whom he had kept from serving a deserved term in the penitentiary. Thomas Mallon had received favors enough. But no man believes he is the creature of others, or that he succeeds other than on his own merit. Mallon was made leader of the opposition, but was altogether too shrewd to run himself. He discovered a lawyer of ancient lineage and wealth who had a constructive residence in the ward, and set his sails to catch the wind of reform that seemed to be blowing a gale. Edward Murchison was a surprised man indeed when told that he had been selected by Mallon and the gang to lead the forces of reform. He would have declined, but most of the Committee of One Hundred were his friends, and they urged him to stand. Murchison knew much more about English politics than about the politics of the ward he was to lead in this contest. He was a cultured man of leisure and refinement. The political bee did not sting at first. But when Murchison got into the fight, he was warmed to an enthusiasm that was not exactly suited to the situation, and it was made the excuse for many and large drafts on his purse by Mallon, "for legitimate purposes only."

The crisis came in the middle of October, when all candidates for office were asked to appear before the Committee of One Hundred to present their claims for endorsement. Dooner's first impulse was to decline; but when he considered that this would be considered a sign of weakness, he determined to go and fight it out. He would have faced a crowd of hyenas rather than seem to admit anything to his own discredit. He appeared at the appointed time before the Committee, of whom at least thirty had found time to leave their own affairs and be present. The chairman was a business man of standing in the community, but the chief inquisitor was a lawyer who had joined the movement for purposes of his own. He had his eye on the district-attorneyship. There were business men, lawyers, clergymen, physicians, and men of many callings on the Committee. Most of them were honest and earnest. Few had practical experience in affairs, but each felt that the safety of the nation rested on his shoulders. The colloquy was in part on this wise:

The Chairman.—"Mr. Dooner, you are a saloon-keeper, I believe."

Dooner.—"I am."

The Chairman.—"Do you consider that a calling to fit a man to administer the affairs of this city?"

Dooner.—"As much so as the fact that one member of this Committee is living in idleness off the money his grandfather made as a distiller."

The Chairman.—"That is not to the point."

Dooner.—"It is to the point that I work for a living under a license granted by the

judges of this city, and that no complaint has ever been made that I violated the law. As to whether it is a good job to fit a man to serve his constituents, I say it is better than doing nothing."

The Chairman.—"Don't lose your temper, but come to the point at issue. I believe that you keep a low groggery where the worst of liquor is sold."

Dooner.—"I believe there is less drunkenness in my place than in the swellest restaurant in this city, where wine is served against the law after midnight Saturday. I close when the law directs. Some of you gentlemen have drunk champagne at three o'clock Sunday morning."

This was not a fortunate beginning, so after a hurried consultation in whispers the lawyer undertook the cross-examination.

The Attorney.—"Mr. Dooner, it is reported and believed that you are deeply interested in the street-paving contracts of this city, and that you have made much money out of them."

Dooner.—"It is reported and believed that the chairman of this Committee gave fifty thousand dollars to the last national campaign, and for this he was permitted to write one paragraph in the tariff bill that has made him ten times that amount at the expense of the taxpayers of the nation."

At this the chairman grew warm, and attempted an explanation, but the discreet attorney waved him off and said:

"Answer my question. Have you or have you not made money out of contracts by your influence as a councilman?"

At this Dooner's ire began to rise, and he blurted out:

"I never did so except legitimately, as a stockholder in a concern that did the paving; but I see a man in this room and on this Committee who was convicted of selling inferior goods to the almshouse. At the least I never was accused of robbing paupers."

Thereupon one of the most respected members of the Committee arose and in unfeigned anger shouted:

"It's a lie! One of my employees did without my knowledge send some inferior goods, but he was discharged for the offense."

"You're a liar," roared Dooner; "he is now employed by you as your New York agent. Don't be a sneak."

At this there was such a prospect of a row that a large number of the Committee rose and begged that the proceedings be directed properly, and that the members not be insulted. It took some time to quiet things down, and then the chairman took the helm again.

The Chairman.—"It is reported and believed that you have taken commissions on important public contracts."

Dooner.—"There is a member of this Committee who personally came to me and offered me what was, in effect, a bribe if I, as chairman on the Committee on Schools, would vote to purchase a site he owned for a schoolhouse, and I threatened to throw him out of my saloon."

At this a pale-faced gentleman arose in anger, and denounced Dooner as a liar. Said he:

"I saw this man and asked him to consider this site. I did not own it, and had not a dollar's interest in it. I acted as the trustee of an estate, and was bound to protect the interests of my clients."

There was a murmur of applause at this, but Dooner cut the ground from under their feet by yelling at the top of his voice:

"Yes, you were attorney for the estate of your father-in-law, and your children are the sole heirs to that property. I defy you to deny it."

There was no response, and the chairman took a new tack.

"Mr. Dooner, you are not answering the questions of this Committee, and are not helping your cause. Will you please answer categorically a few questions? Did you or did you not vote for the gas-works steal that robbed this city of millions? I have the record here."

"I will answer that," yelled Dooner, "if every man on this Committee who profited by that sale will rise and tell how much he made."

This was a poser, for the grab had been notorious, and yet the "Best Citizens" had been stockholders in the company that got the works without the payment of a cent. Dooner was at bay, and did not propose to lose a single advantage, and so far he had "made good."

It would be wrong to say that he enjoyed even the temporary advantage he had so far gained. This Committee was composed of men whom Dooner had known or heard of for years. They were the "silk-stocking" element. They seldom interested themselves in public affairs, except at Presidential elections, and not six of them had ever attended a primary. They were theorists for the most part, and had great faith in

their own academic views. Few of them knew how "the other half" lived, and fewer of them cared. They were not bad at heart, but they were ignorant of the great pulse of the people. They had certain views which they suddenly found themselves divinely called upon to promulgate. They were to save the community, and they looked on Dooner as a worm, perhaps as a viper or a vampire, that was sucking out the vitals of the public. To say that Dooner despised them would not be to tell the truth. In his inner heart he knew that these men had what was denied him. They had education and refinement, but, more than all, the respect of the community. They were looked upon by the best people in the city even as he was looked upon by his own constituents. He would have liked to be one of them. He knew he was not logical in his answers, and yet he knew enough of the facts and of human nature to find the weak spot in their armor and pierce it. The questioning now took a new turn.

"Mr. Dooner," said the chairman, "have you any statement to make before this Committee as to why you should be endorsed for reëlection? It is hardly wise to continue this form of investigation, as we shall get nothing but questions in reply to our own. Let me ask you as to your opinion of your opponent. Do you not think Mr. Murchison is a better man to represent this city in councils than yourself? Come, now, that is a fair question."

"Man and boy, I have lived in that ward for thirty years," said Dooner, "and I never saw him in my life. I have heard of him as a lawyer, but never knew that he took any interest in anything. I have seen his name in the papers as being in Europe with some big guns, or in society here, but I know no more about the man than Adam. Why is he not here to meet me and answer questions also?"

This was another poser; for the fact was that Mr. Murchison had entirely forgotten the situation, and was at the moment busily engaged at a social function attended only by persons of the highest social distinction. A well-meaning but misguided member of the Committee rose at this point and said half apologetically:

"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Murchison is all right. I can vouch for him. I have played golf with him many a time." He sat down with a feeling that he had covered the situation. This roused Dooner's ire once more, and he burst forth in a tirade which closed the sitting. Only when angry did he drop into the vernacular.

"Gentlemen, youse may think that a golf player is the kind of man to make laws for the city, but I tell you there isn't a man on this Committee who knows what he is talking about. I live among the people who work and sweat and eat but little, but what they do eat is earned honestly. They don't live on the gains of their forefathers, nor wear fine clothes at the theayter. There isn't a man here who could run my ward a day without getting himself into trouble. I'm not a learned man. I don't know furrin languages, nor do I pretend to be more honest than I am. I never cheated a man in my life. I have taken care of men and women and children for years who would be turned away as beggars from the doors of any one of youse at any time. I know my people. They suffer, and I help them. They hunger, and I feed them. They get in jail for drink, and I help them out so they can earn bread for their little ones. The law works queer. There are men on this Committee who have committed worse crimes than have sent men from my ward to jail, and yet they set here in judgment on one who has never sent one hungry from his door."

He stopped for a moment, and a hush fell over the assembly. He was no orator, but he felt that he was making his last stand, and was resolved to say what was within him even if it cost his election. His pride was up, and nothing now could daunt him.

"Gentlemen, I didn't come here for an endorsement. I came here to show that Martin Dooner is not afraid to meet any man. I don't want this Committee to be for me. You're not my kind, and you know no more about what it is to take care of the people in my ward than you do about Choctaw. I have led these people for years. In good times and bad times I have been their friend. I have helped widows and children that have been driven from institutions conducted by members of this Committee. I gave up my own room to a poor, sick girl when she was refused at every hospital in this city, and she had never been in my ward before in her life. I never turned a sick or hungry person from my door in my life. I never tried to be an angel, but I never asked an unfortunate person for their certificate of marriage or baptism. I may not have seen my duty as some of youse would have seen it. I may have done things none of youse would have done. I don't come here as no saint, but I do say

that at Judgment there will never be said against Martin Dooner that he was a hypocrite, that he failed to feed the hungry or take care of those in trouble. If youse thinks that a golf player is the kind of man the people in my ward wants, you can endorse him and be damned to you; for as sure as there's a God in Israel I'll lick the stuffin' out of you at the polls!" And grabbing his hat he was gone.

To say that Dooner had not made an impression on the Committee would be untrue. In spite of his faulty logic there were members who had a certain respect for him, and who even began to doubt whether after all he was so bad as he had been painted; but no one spoke in his behalf, and Mr. Murchison was unanimously endorsed by the committee.

Dooner had so far followed a notable example in scripture that he had made to himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and in this crisis they were made to "give up." Every corporation he had served, every man he had helped in trouble, and every woman he had befriended was laid under tribute of one kind or another. The corporations came to time fairly well because they were opposed to the new mayor, and though they expected Dooner to lose in this fight they felt sure he would come up again at a time when he would be needed. They also, with charming impartiality, helped Mallon in his fight for Murchison; but Dooner could make two dollars go farther than his opponent could five. There were hourly conferences in the back room of the saloon, in haunts the public knew nothing of, on the street corners, and at offices where were located men who could deliver goods. One advantage Dooner had, the election officers were his friends, and as they were not dependent on the mayor they were kept in line. In fact Dooner "stood them up" with the threat that he could and would send every one of them to jail if they did not "play fair" with him. This expression needs no explanation to those who are familiar with the workings of elections in the slums of the cities. The Australian ballot system has accomplished many things, but it has not yet purified elections to the extent intended. After all the votes were cast, including many that ought not to have been, the counting must take place, and there was Dooner's advantage.

A month previous Donner would have been the last man to take advantage of his former generosity. He was no altruist, but he had not been accustomed to the *quid pro quo* policy of benefaction. Now with his back to the wall he had to take advantage of every straw which would help. It was not he who went about the ward proclaiming his many virtues—he was too shrewd for that; but there were a number of men of some standing among their fellows who had felt his generosity, and who, not without some hope of future gain, but really, to tell the truth, in genuine gratitude, spent days and nights in talking to the men and women who had good cause to remember that Dooner had been their friend. Every basket of coal he had sent to the freezing, every square meal to the hungry, and every bad boy kept from jail were expected to pay dividends in the shape of votes. It cannot be said that Dooner was comfortable under this situation. He was not. In the inner depth of his conscientiousness he hated himself for allowing the results of the instincts of his better nature at times when he was untrammeled to be used as clubs for his benefit when he was in trouble. But like most men in difficulty, he could not refuse to avail himself of his resources. To lose was to give up all he counted dear.

If this were the only side of the story, Dooner might appear in a most unpalatable light. Unfortunately for him, he was "up against" a situation where, to his own notion, he must fight the devil with fire. Mallon was not so able in his way as Dooner, but he was shrewd and energetic, and he started in with almost all in his favor that counts for anything in the eyes of practical politicians. He had policemen, firemen, street-cleaners, garbage-collectors, scrub-women, clerks, pavers, and what not under his control, and every one was threatened with discharge if he did not vote for Murchison and make all his friends do the same. Every contractor interested in the ward was told to turn in under pain of their work being declined by the city inspectors and no further contracts being awarded. Even the poor school teachers were told that they would not be reappointed unless all their relatives to the last degree turned in for the reform candidate. There was some corporation money, but this was not so large as the large assessment levied on the office-holders, who groaned at this outrage. If all the lies and threats in this campaign on both sides were consolidated, and all the liars and threat-makers sent with them, there would needs be another chamber in Dante's "Inferno." Bulldozing, pleading, appeals to cupidity, promises of more places

than there were in the whole city, offers of cash, and appeals to both the highest and lowest in human nature were used on both sides. Every Commandment was shattered in the contest.

Meanwhile, where was Murchison? That estimable gentleman was no sooner in the thick of the fight than he wished he was out of it. He was made to do some handshaking among people who were not aware that such a thing as a bath-tub existed. He insisted on a rally, and made a speech one night to about 700 people, not one half of whom could understand ten words of English. He came out strong for civil-service reform, and was replete with allusions to that degeneracy in politics which brought about the downfall of Rome. It was a flat failure; and Mallon, who had opposed the meeting, was furious, and told the City Committee to send the candidate out to the residence wards and give money instead. Dooner dug up the fact from one of his newspaper friends that Murchison yearly visited the Earl of Rentrack, whose estates in Ireland had been the center of hostility to the "Plan of Campaign." He spread abroad the report that Murchison had once said he believed Dreyfus was guilty. He plastered the ward with pictures of Murchison clad in a golf suit, under which were the words:

CITIZENS, VOTE FOR MURCHISON, THE GOLFERS' CANDIDATE.

In fact, there was no trick known to politics on either side that was not played to the limit. One week before the election it looked as if Dooner could not win. Three days later it was a drawn battle, and Murchison was made to give up money at a rate that appalled him. On the day before election even Mallon felt that the case was worse than desperate. He made a last appeal to his candidate for a large sum of money to "procure watchers at the polls," etc. Murchison was sick of it all by this time, and he did not like the "touch"; but he hated worse to be defeated, and did not even exact a promise as to how the money was to be spent. Mallon was wise in his generation. In spite of all the efforts he had made, he felt that he had lost, and concluded it bad policy to waste the money on hand. He concluded to prepare for eventualities; for a good bank account is better than nothing.

As usually happens in a political contest in this country, the evil that is done on both sides about cancels. If this were not so, we would long ago have gone to political destruction. After all the evils done by bribers and wire-pullers and schemers of every sort in an election, they ordinarily about counterbalance, and the saving grace is the untrammeled voter. Not that this latter class are saints or are after political purity at all times. Very often they want the very things that good men despise; but, as a matter of fact, it is these who control for good or evil. The majority gets what it wants.

It would be unfair to say that Dooner's friends were all vicious or without some of the higher ideals of life. Sometimes in the hovels and tenements there are as clear ideals of justice and honor and truth as are found in the highest walks in society. There are men earning a dollar a day who could, perhaps, give lessons to professors of theology or economics.

Probably many good people will be shocked at learning that this is a veracious narrative of a campaign dealing with actual persons, and that the result was decided not by money, nor by influence, nor by any other ulterior motive. The fact was that Dooner, with all his faults, with all his shortcomings, and, if you please, his iniquities, was the real representative of his people. In his way he was as much the true type and representative of his constituents as was ever Daniel Webster or Henry Clay. The fountain cannot rise higher than its source, and the source of Dooner's strength was that he was one of his people, a little wiser, much shrewder, and, while no one would claim for him the saintly halo, it was a fact that, without any professions or claim to godliness, he had fed the hungry, cared for the sick, and visited the prisoner. Not all the power he had acquired in politics alone could have elected him. Not all his shrewdness and the deviltry of which he was capable could have attained it. But, like most of us, he was neither wholly good nor wholly bad; his impulses were better than his professions, his acts were better than his profanity.

On the night of election there was red fire in front of Dooner's saloon, while within there was liquid refreshment for all, without money and without price. Dooner was naturally gratified, but when the lights were out and he sat down to think it all over, his sole wish was that it had never happened; that is to say, that it had never been necessary for it all to happen.

From the portrait by Miss Ben-Yusuf.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By William Allen White,

Author of the character sketches, "Bryan," "Hanna," and "Croker," published in McClure's Magazine.

IF Theodore Roosevelt had died before September, 1901, his name in the tables of Vice-Presidents of the United States, a hundred years hence, would probably mean no more than the names of Daniel D. Tompkins, Richard M. Johnson, George M. Dallas, and other obscure Vice-Presidents. In dictionaries of American literature, two inches of brevier type would record that he had written ten or a dozen books, and give a list of the positions he had filled. An infinitesimally small number of Americans of the next century, historians, and advanced students of the period of American development from 1870 to 1899 would have a look at Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," "American Ideals," "With the Rough Riders in Cuba," and in so much as the style of these writings reveals the man, they would know him as a frank-spoken, sturdy fellow, a hater of shams, and a friend of every one who gets things done and over with. No doubt American biography one hundred years from now will contain scores of similar characters—fine enough, of course, but almost unknown and of limited influence.

Now all this hypothesis is set down here to raise the question as to whether or not there may be in the plan of things that guides the world some conservation of moral energy. Providence does not make a rugged, virile, honest, cheerful, clear-minded man

to waste him on little tasks in lonesome places. Great strength is made for hard work. To-day, Theodore Roosevelt, young, vigorous, and brave, is going to his life work rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

HIS AMBITION: TO SET AN EXAMPLE.

At seeing this man rise, not upon the ordinary rounds of political promotion, but from a State legislature to federal offices, from a State officer to the Presidency, the questions which arise in the mind are, how was he trained? whence his strength? how has he won? To answer them, it is first necessary to find the key-note of Roosevelt's character. That is his ambition. And his ambition—the one great, ever-active purpose that, lying nearest to his heart, is the mainspring of his life—is to set an example before Americans, and especially before his young countrymen, showing what a man of the highest ideals, derived from good birth and liberal advantages, can accomplish in all honesty, without soiling his hands, for the betterment of our political life and the advancement of our political ideals. It is so unselfish and noble a motive in politics, that it has been neglected in the popular estimate of Roosevelt, and therefore many people have regarded him as a pugnacious, impetuous, honest, but eccentric young man, while others have looked upon him as a harum-scarum, "bronco-busting" lover of notoriety, a poser who liked a fight for its own sake, and had no regard for the amenities of political relationship. But not many of his partisans and opponents have seen that they had a rare species of man on their hands, one whose political training has not been along lines of diplomacy and combination and adroitness, nor along economic lines, save in his range of careful reading; but whose training has been rather moral than political. Yet nowadays he is mistaken for a politician, which essentially he is not. The American people generally classify their Congressmen and Governors and Presidents as politicians, and let it go at that. The American idea is that most politicians of all parties are bad, the worst ones generally being in the other party, and the good ones all dead or out of office. Americans believe that to get an office and enjoy it forever is the chief end of a politician's existence. Roosevelt has held offices more than half his life since his majority, and offices that have brought more labor and more enemies than glory or material reward. Only as Governor of New York and Vice-President was his official salary as much as he could make writing for magazines and publishing books.

HOW HE GOT HIS OFFICES.

And he did not get these offices because he was a good "mixer," to use the parlance of politics, or because he was a manipulator of men, or yet because he had "pull" or influence. He went from Harvard to the legislature with a distinct purpose to serve. He was reëlected because of his capacity to accomplish things. The world may love a lover, but it keeps its richest rewards for the man who, at the end of the day, has deeds done and no excuses to make. He was Civil-Service Commissioner because, knowing that the principles of civil-service reform are vital, he had the grit to determine that conditions should be shaped to that mold; he was made Police Commissioner of the city of New York at thirty-six, because Mayor Strong was looking for a brave, sensible man to take an unpopular task and not play politics in the office. The Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy, which he took in 1897, required much hard work with no glory. His training as a soldier in Cuba increased what his life in the West had already given him—his sympathy with men, the love of direct, individual action, and the comforting but hardly needed knowledge of his own personal bravery. Yet he sometimes tells his friends that until he was in his first battle he did not know whether he was going to bolt or not.

"CONSULTING MR. PLATT."

It was as Governor of New York that Roosevelt, growing most rapidly, showed to the full his efficient integrity of purpose. There he had tests of his moral strength and of his capacity to get actual net results. He won the office in the whirlwind of enthusiasm that followed the Cuban War. Then Senator Platt lay in wait for him on the Jericho road. The "rough and tumble" that followed the meeting was good for the moral muscle, but rather severe on hide and hair of the contestants. As the Republican candidate for Governor of New York, he owed no political gratitude to Senator Platt, yet in an interview with the reporters, Roosevelt said, in so many words, that in making his appointments he "would consult Senator Platt." The common-sense explanation of this utter-

ance did not occur to the politicians and the Pharisees. They concluded at once that Roosevelt had stultified himself, surrendered, sold out to Platt, and other equally preposterous things. The simple truth is that Platt being the head of the Republican organization in New York, a Republican governor who refused to consult him as the head of his party would disrupt the party, and naturally let in all manner of bad government after him. This is set down that the reader may appreciate the meaning of the qualifying word "efficient" when used with integrity of purpose. Roosevelt's critics failed to see that a man honest and brave enough to say squarely to Platt's enemies that he would consult Platt, would make that consultation honorable and for the righteousness of his party always. There is a difference between "consulting Mr. Platt" and being controlled by him. Platt found this out. At these consultations Platt suggested the names of several bad men for high offices. Roosevelt refused to appoint them. Platt pleaded, blustered, threatened.

Roosevelt, who, in the most trying circumstances, is a gentleman before he is anything else under the sun, courteously yet finally, and doubtless with some emphasis, told Platt to name honest men or none. Platt named honest men. They were appointed. This is how Roosevelt "consulted Mr. Platt." There were other consultations. Platt desired the Governor's signature to what Roosevelt believed were bad laws. He didn't get it. He couldn't get it. Roosevelt wished the Franchise Tax Bill passed. Platt didn't. Platt schemed and intrigued. Roosevelt openly brought to bear the direct pressure of his influence. The Franchise Bill passed. It is a law. To pass it trained Roosevelt in the way he should go. He did not know it, but he was learning to be President. The consultations with Mr. Platt grew less and less frequent, though they were always frank, always free and fair. Roosevelt sought them. Platt grew tired of them. He then intrigued with Quay of Pennsylvania and some Westerners, and made Roosevelt Vice-President against his wish and will. That was not to praise, but to bury Roosevelt, whose career had been one of devotion to pure ideals and with little in it of politics, as Americans use the term. What sardonic irony there is in the twist of events! Theodore Roosevelt is President of the United States solely because of his unsullied integrity. And he was put there by his enemies who loathed the virtues that made him strong.

HIS COMMON SENSE.

Such is the outline history of Theodore Roosevelt. As a personality Roosevelt is a simple proposition. Men who achieve greatly are always men of primitive instincts, who do their work in the most direct sort of way. There is no legerdemain about the best success; no conjuring, no devious and mysterious machinations. Roosevelt has succeeded in life because by the plainest method he has done in a thoroughly human, unflinching, and often humorous way, what he had conceived to be the right thing to do. It is not because he has aimed high that men trust him; it is that he always aimed to hit a mark worth hitting. Common sense is so common that few of us really use it, and when a man like Roosevelt comes along and will have nothing else for his mental food and moral drink but the ordinary wisdom of the race, men are appalled and ascribe many strange and amusing traits to him, which if human enough is nevertheless absurd. For Theodore Roosevelt the man, heavy of weight, plain of face, who wrinkles his clothes an hour after he gets into them, who makes a speech as the Irishman plays the bagpipe, not by ear nor by note, but by main strength; who has turned his education, his book learning to his credit by a life of incessant action; a creature of strong emotions and of aggressive frankness that often offends; full of frailties and foibles, with a blind side of charity for friends—Theodore Roosevelt is much like the rest of us, and he knows it. That which has raised and glorified him is his unbending honesty. Honesty is not rare, but Roosevelt is so intensely what he is that his honesty becomes a burning flame.

The average man sitting by the average grate fire in the average club hall in the United States would proclaim virtually the same opinion about civic morality and public honor that Roosevelt would proclaim. There would be amicable discussion, but few differences between them in spinning theories. But when the average man left his club for the caucus or convention, the legislature or the congress, he would accept things as they are, and thank God he is not as other men. Roosevelt has fought with all the force in his indomitable soul for things as they should be and can be. With unflinching courage he has been trying to do much that the common man has dreamed should be done.

THINGS HE HAS LEFT UNDONE.

Moreover, Roosevelt has started out to do several things that he has left undone. He is not infallible. Only sharing with most men the knowledge that the work should be done, he has attacked it valiantly. He has not known that his work was almost impossible, too great, until he tried to do it. Sometimes it was in the nature of these things that they could not be done. Sometimes, perhaps, it was because of his temperamental trend that the things of yesterday, now in the process of making, interest him less than the fresh, new problems. Fate, destiny, a new duty, or the compelling bent of his eager mind has called him away time and again from the work he had on hand; but always, in every place where service has sent him, he has left the lasting influence of a fine man, honestly, earnestly laboring toward a clean, high, and ultimately accomplishable purpose. And that influence has been good. It has helped others. There was some success even in his failures; for nothing really fails that has heart and some brains in it. And so while Roosevelt has worked for a time as legislator, leaving that work unfinished; for a time as ranchman; as Civil-Service Commissioner; as Governor, quitting that part of his career with rough, ragged ends of things behind him, yet his life as a whole has been efficient; there is a definite consistent inspiration all through it. His character, and that is of supreme importance, has been builded solid and square. And the tools of his trade were the familiar utensils of every-day politics; for he has no genius for cunning, no stomach for intrigue, little or none of that stage presence which hypnotizes men and cords them up like wood. Whatever he has done worth doing has been done in the good old-fashioned way; giving men a chance to be honest, which captures nine men out of ten, and forcing the tenth to be honest by fear of punishment or hope of reward. Politicians generally reverse the game; but it will work both ways.

HIS PATIENCE BORN OF GRINDING.

Now with these directions for great achievement blown in the bottle, as it were, it seems no trick at all to do important things. But let the reader try it, even in a township or a school district, and what a bristling phalanx of unexpected difficulties confronts him! To conquer these difficulties Roosevelt has developed, probably slowly and with much travail, a kind of manly rudimentary tact, bred of merry frankness, elemental kindness, and a passionate patience. If his masterful courage is his gift from heaven, his patience is his genius born of hard grinding and doubtless sometimes humiliating, fruitless work. Yet he is not patient of speech. Perhaps his strongest personal characteristic is his passion for talking, and he often sputters unnecessary words like a Roman candle. But what Roosevelt has done in American politics, whether in Washington or New York City or Albany, he has done with something like the inexorable patient force of a glacier. If his critics may claim that he talks too much, his record is open to prove that he acts wisely. In his present office, where opportunity to talk is closed, his enemies—and he has many lusty ones—may resign themselves to meet the energy which Roosevelt once spent in effervescent and exhilarating language, now saved and turned to iron deeds.

WHY THE POLITICIANS CALL HIM ERRATIC.

And this brings us squarely up to the discussion of what Roosevelt's solemn foes are pleased to call his erratic nature. Politicians form a caste by themselves in this country. They commonly affect a caste dress which varies from the frock coat of Senator Bailey and his ponderous clan, to the checkered vest that gilds the voluminous abdomens of Tim Sullivan and the Tammany Brotherhood; and a certain habit of public speech—a guarded, polite, dull and dignified jargon that makes the angels weep. There is a set of draconic rules for the mien and manner of politicians. One must walk with a measured tread, or, if not, with a quick, alert gait as if sky-rocketing along to duty; the head must be carried so, the hat worn thus, the hands tucked into the proper places; and one must also look fierce and wise or else heavy, as if burdened with the cares of state. If one would stay in politics and neglect to dress the part, speak the lines, and wear the grease-paint of a masked countenance, if one would insist upon being a politician and a friend-loving, fun-loving, comfort-loving, freedom-loving, cant-hating fellow—Heaven help him, for there must be something wrong with him. He is erratic!

SYMBOLISM OF THE SLOUCH-HAT.

This is what ails Roosevelt. He doesn't make up for the part. When he was Police

Commissioner of New York he bought a slouch hat, then the vogue. He liked it. It sat well on his head. No one noticed it. The fashion changed, he bought another. Men lifted their eyebrows but said nothing. He wore the same kind of hat in Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He was a young man, so he was not hanged for it. Men are always willing to give a young man a chance to live down an indiscretion. When elected Governor of New York, he still wore the hat of his earlier youth. "Ah," they said, "of course! naturally! affecting the wild and woolly! Can't get over the fact that he was a Rough Rider!" Also he greeted people genially; spoke ingenuously, and did many things not permitted by the laws of Draco—for example, he talked to a policeman of his acquaintance on Broadway, forsooth, or rode in a locomotive cab, certainly an inspiriting and harmless performance. After he was elected Vice-President he wore a gray sack-suit, a coat without tails or skirts, on informal occasions. Think of that! Of course, the men who hated him knew that he was stark mad. And when at state ceremonies he wore a high hat and a frock coat, they shrugged their shoulders and said he was getting swelled up as Vice-President.

HIS JOY IN LIFE.

If Roosevelt went hunting—a most natural, to some men, desirable pastime—the politicians at home he had offended by his humanity said: "Huh! how that fellow affects raw head and bloody bones." If he wrote a magazine article, they noted how he loves to advertise himself. If he wrote nothing, but remained at home chopping trees on his place at Oyster Bay, they said: "Oh, well, he's planning some sensational trick to catch the public eye." And all, gentle reader, because as an American citizen in politics Theodore Roosevelt refused to join the caste, because he preferred to live simply, without pomp or affectation, not as a basswood image, but as a young, well-bred, democratic family man, with an unrepressed joy of living; the "mere living." He prefaced one of his books with a great poet's expression of that joy, which underlies and permeates every one of Roosevelt's varied activities.

> Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
> Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew embraced.
> Oh, the wild joys of living—the leaping from rock up to rock,
> The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock
> Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear . . .
> How good is man's life, the mere living.
>
> —BROWNING.

Enjoyment of life is the powerful undertone of his whole career. Throwing himself whole-souled into his task, he enjoys the trials, disappointments, the stress of it along with the successes. To him it is all in the day's work and all good. The dominant note of his private conversation is his love of the fun of work, and the side he volunteers to give one is always the humorous side of what has happened to him. It is his hearty, keen sense of humor that makes him so sane. It is because of it that he keeps out of melodramatics and refuses to be a knight-errant in any cause.

He is a writer of books without the artistic temperament. Surely he loves to live the truth much more than to create it in literature. He has no vanity in his writing; style with him is simply the complete, forcible expression of an idea that he would make a fact or a true report of an act done. Little that he has written contains more than his public feelings. The depths of his nature, emotional and intellectual, have never taken literary form, no doubt because literature is not the best medium for a complete expression of this man of action. Even though he pours out his soul to acquaintances with an apparent abandon of all reserve, there are great depths in his nature which surface ripples do not reach. The world may never see them revealed unless future events mingle public business with the man's intimate private being on some powerfully dramatic occasion.

ESSENTIALLY A LEADER.

Roosevelt offends the politicians unspeakably by his bland refusal to be moved by popular clamor. The people and what they think on the spur of the moment interest Roosevelt profoundly, but these do not dominate his actions. He neither ignores, nor does he servilely follow the *vox populi*. It is a very important factor that he must weigh soberly and carefully in making up his mind, or revising and reconsidering his judgment. Roosevelt has expressed his attitude clearly in one of his own books. In his "Life of Benton" he says:

"In truth Benton . . . became foolish and illogical when he began to talk of

the bundle of vague abstractions which he knew collectively as the 'democratic principles.' Although not so bad as many of his school, he had yet gradually worked himself up to a belief that it 'was almost impious to pay anything but servile heed to the will of the majority;' and was quite unconscious that to surrender one's own manhood and judgment to the belief in the divine right of kings, was only one degree more ignoble and not a shadow more logical, and but little more defensible than blindly to deify a majority—not of the whole people, but merely of a small fraction consisting of those who happened to be of a certain sex, to have reached a certain age, to belong to a certain race, and to fulfil some other conditions. In fact, there is no natural or divine law in the matter at all; how a large portion of the population should be trusted with control of the government is a question of expediency merely. In any purely native American community manhood suffrage works infinitely better than any other system of government; and throughout our country at large, in spite of the large number of ignorant voters, it is probably preferable as it stands to any modification of it. But there is no more 'natural right' why a white man over twenty-one should vote than there is why a negro woman under eighteen should not. 'Civil rights' and 'personal freedom' are not terms that necessarily imply the right to vote. People make mistakes governing themselves exactly as they make mistakes governing others."

Here is refreshing, almost aggressive, candor. Politicians have much to say about the voice of the people, as if it was the one ever safe guide, but the makers of our country, Washington and Lincoln, were essentially leaders, and not followers of public opinion. Is not the highest privilege of friendship the giving to a friend the best of one's conscience and judgment? The people will not call Roosevelt to act, no matter how loudly they clamor, unless their wisdom is confirmed by his own conscience and judgment. The unyielding Dutch in him is too big, and his training, his character, and all his traditions are against securing popularity at the price of his conscience.

KNOWS EVIL MEN, NOT EVIL.

Working life in this imperfect world is hardly a Sunday-school picnic. In it evil men form, let us say, a fair working minority, and he who ignores them does not get his day's good work done. While Roosevelt has had relations with evil men, he has never compromised with evil. And here concerning President Roosevelt's attitude to politicians, good and bad, it can safely be said that, as the past is an index to the future, he will treat all alike, with all fairness and courtesy, carrying no grudges. Revenge is not sweet to him. His slate is clean, and there is no doubt that Senators Platt and Quay can come to the President on honest business as easily as his best friends; no doubt, since they have met him before, they will not approach him with any other kind.

HIS PRESENT PROBLEM.

So much for the man and the material in hand. What is his problem now? It is easily said that one will follow a policy laid down by a predecessor, but could ever a man finish another man's work and not make the end his own? The personal element which is so strong in Roosevelt will mold his work, even though conditions remain as they are when he began it. And conditions which have changed so entirely since 1897 will not stop stock-still until 1905. Conditions are bound to make new problems and new policies, and the personality of Roosevelt, virile, aspiring—in the best sense—and true, will help shape and solve them.

At Minneapolis, where Vice-President Roosevelt made his last public address—and the first of much importance since the late campaign closed—he had something to say about the State control of combinations of capital commonly called trusts. What he said has more than academic interest. Roosevelt is of the sort who, while he loves a joke hugely, never talks politics in a Pickwickian sense. When he spoke about controlling capital in combination by national legislation, it was out of a full heart.

HOW PROFOUNDLY HE STUDIES PUBLIC QUESTIONS.

While to predict what a man will do or will not do is as dangerous as for a man to predict what he will do himself, certain trends of character—like streams of moving humanity in a city street, all helter skelter till seen in perspective, when they assume direction and unvarying tendency—certain trends of character are so marked that it is almost safe to assume, if not to prophesy, that he who holds them will follow them through whatever stress of circumstances

he may come. All his life, for instance, Roosevelt has paid attention to detail, to little things. He has worked hard for small results, which he believed to be actual and necessary. Nothing can check this tendency in him. For instance, if some one should call his attention to the annoyance home-coming Americans suffer at the New York Custom-House, he would change it if it was wise to change it. If he should be shown that an architect was blackmailing a contractor on a public building he would turn aside from any big work he was engaged upon to punish that architect. If he found loafers on the public pay-roll, they would have to get off, no matter who put them there. If a senator, friend or enemy, will have easy access to the White House on business of the patronage, any constituent of that senator, however humble, will find the White House door swing as easily for him to show the President that a candidate for public office is dishonest. And when Roosevelt has found a candidate is unfit for an office he will not be appointed, even though the entire Senate of the United States demands it. The system of letting senators and representatives take the responsibility of naming unworthy and dishonest men, will not be established under the Roosevelt administration. Roosevelt will not shrink from the full blame for his appointments.

HE WILL KEEP HIS PARTY TOGETHER.

Yet he will strenuously endeavor to maintain a united party, and to do the great things in national legislation. He will use his old weapons of common-sense dealing with men, and the display of force when required. Moreover, he may have the use of some new weapons, for he is growing. McKinley went to Buffalo with his mind full of a great policy—the policy of international reciprocity. There were many treaties—mostly commercial treaties—on the block when McKinley laid down the work. To adopt these treaties which affect the industrial conditions of the country almost as seriously as an entirely new tariff bill, will require the masterful imperturbability and velvety adroitness which McKinley used so skillfully. Roosevelt may have to learn this art of fencing. If he tries to learn it he will learn it well despite his training. If he believes it wise for the treaties which McKinley had in mind and hand when he made his Buffalo speech to become laws, with all Roosevelt's will—which is steel—he will work to become master mechanic in the trade that shall weld them into laws, though it shall take years of patience. But there will be no smut of the political furnace on his hands or his heart when he has learned his trade.

When Roosevelt said that he would follow McKinley's policy, it is foolish to presume that Roosevelt meant to give a servile imitation of McKinley. The new President will accept the McKinley legacy of unfinished work, but every unsolved problem will have to pass muster at the court of Roosevelt's personal conviction, and in forming this conviction the new President will show an almost unknown side of his character to the country.

HIS PAINSTAKING STUDY OF GREAT PROBLEMS.

To the politicians Roosevelt is a man of notions. They think he has—as reformers always have—a set of ready-made ironclad opinions. They fear he is going to put this imagined job lot of economic and industrial views into policies. They fancy that these notions, opinions, views, convictions—or what not—are different from anything else on the earth, and so there are secret forebodings in the breasts of the faithful. They are entirely unnecessary. Roosevelt has not the Prince-Albert-and-white-necktie intellect. The fourth-rate patter that the average politician in Congress learns about the tariff, about the money question, about the so-called trusts, has never filled Roosevelt's head. What he has read and considered along economic lines has been the presentations and conclusions of first-class men whose names are unknown to most of the gentlemen who form policies and believe they are thinking profoundly in the national legislature. Roosevelt will grind. Some people have expressed the fear that Roosevelt is dangerous in the presidency because he will have to undertake tasks new to him, and for which he is not prepared. These doubtless miss one of the essential points of this unclassified man. He has always attacked problems about which he knew nothing beforehand, and has solved them. It was so in the Police Commission. It was so in the Navy Department. It was eminently so in the Governorship of New York. But in every crisis he has asked for help, has sought from first-class intellects their best wisdom, from experts in each line of knowledge their soberest advice, from practical men their soundest judgment. It is only when his mind was made up after a painstaking ex-

haustive study of the question that he has reached a conviction and followed it with unswerving fidelity. This he is sure to do as President of the United States. He will ask advice from the best men in the country. He will form his opinions conscientiously. They may not always be the traditional opinions held by the politicians of the high caste, but he will hold to them and trust to the common sense of the people ultimately to back him up. Whether these opinions become laws immediately or during his official term is not essential to Roosevelt. It is only essential to him that his theories shall be sound and worthy, and that by standing for them he may bring his countrymen to think seriously, honestly, and nobly of public affairs. That is the moving principle, the mastering ambition of his life. The Presidency is but an incident —an important incident, because it gives him a scythe which cuts a wide swath; but, after all, only an incident.

Roosevelt brings to this high office an erudition ripened by a practical grapple with life; a political sagacity which has been at daily gymnastic exercise for twenty years in every manner of public contest. He is fit. His public virtue is as certain as his private virtue. He has no double standard of morals. The strong moral purpose which has moved him at all times, which has strengthened him in other crises, now dominates his life.

NO LONGER A "YOUNG MAN."

He is on the threshold of his life work, so full of the high faith that if his feet stumble, as human feet are prone to do, no man may gainsay the purpose that guided them. During the three sad, dumb minutes following Roosevelt's repeated oath to the Presidential office, youth, which he has clung to so fondly, left him, and maturity came. And with it came the sympathy of the people moved by the pathos of youth's passing and the falling of a crushing weight of duty. But youth left her good cheer with him and all of her joy of life. He still retains that unconquerable soul of his; so that, come what may, good fortune or ill, he stands ready with a will to "take what he conceives to be God's part; to do his evident work, stand up for good and destroy evil, and coöperate with the whole scheme here."

THE INTERCEPTED SALUTE.

By T. E. Brown.

A LITTLE maiden met me in the lane,
And smiled a smile so very fain,
So full of trust and happiness,
I could not choose but bless
The child, that she should have such grace
To laugh into my face.

She never could have known me; but I thought
It was the common joy that wrought
Within the little creature's heart,
As who should say: "Thou art
As I; the heaven is bright above us;
And there is God to love us.
And I am but a little gleeful maid,
And thou art big, and old, and staid;
But the blue hills have made thee mild
As is a little child.
Wherefore I laugh that thou may'st see—
O laugh! O, laugh with me!"

A pretty challenge! Then I turned me round,
And straight the sober truth I found.
For I was not alone; behind me stood,
Beneath his load of wood,
He that of right the smile possessed—
Her father manifest.

O, blest be God! that such an overplus
Of joy is given to us;
That that sweet innocent
Gave me the gift she never meant,
A gift secure and permanent!
For, howsoe'er the smile had birth,
It is an added glory on the earth.

From "The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown," by the courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

WHY THE HOT SULPHUR MAIL WAS LATE.

By Chauncey Thomas.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

BERTHOUD PASS is a mighty pass. It is the crest of a solid wave of granite two miles high, just at timber-line. Berthoud is a vertebra in the backbone of the continent. It is the gigantic aërial gateway to Middle Park, Colorado—a park one-fifth as large as all England. The mail for this empire is carried by one man, my friend Sullivan.

On Berthoud is a pebble. One summer a raindrop fell upon that pebble, splashed in two, and each half rolled away; one down the Platte-Missouri-Mississippi, the longest river on the globe, to the Atlantic; the other down the Fraser, along the Grand, through the greatest of gorges, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where the stars shine by day, into the Pacific. Then from the two oceans the nebulized half-drops arose, sun-drawn, miles into the zenith, and rode the winds straight back to Berthoud Pass. There they united and crystallized into a snowflake. And then came the cold. Far above the Pass, the frosted spirit hung in Damoclean deadliness over a creeping speck below—Sullivan, the mail carrier. The rising sun glorified the snowflake; but away down in Clear Creek Cañon, where other waters gurgled and strangled under the ice, it was still a blue dark. Sullivan and the sun began to climb. The morning light started down Berthoud just as Sullivan started up. The snowflake watched the crawling atom, then blew across the Pass, and from all along the Range gathered unto itself the storm. On Berthoud was all the power of the Arctic. But the intelligent dot climbed on.

Eleven months of every year there is snow on Berthoud; only in July are the flowers safe. Even then, in shades that the sun cannot search—packed by the centuries—is snow that fell on the rocks before they were cold. How black, how sharp the shadows are on the heights—and how cold! In them for ages has lurked ice from the glaciers of the North. Silent Christmas finds Berthoud hung with avalanches. At Easter they come to life, and, leaning over the valleys, are so exquisitely held that they are launched even by an echo touch. About them, in long, wavering lines and tiny whirls, the gritty snow blows like sugar. Shrub-like, the tops of pines bend under beards of alabaster moss, their trunks buried for seventy feet. Airy crystals float as on Polar fairies' breath; the sunlight is alive with blue sparkles; the twig splitting in the cold sends a puff of frosty feathers; in the gale white shot sings in level volleys. Nature on Berthoud in winter is not dead, but alive. She is congealed into a new life. The very air seems to snap. A mist, frozen to a transparent blue, quivers with its own chill. Water is not ice, but glass. When the black, solid lakes burst and shatter in the awful cold, ice splinters fly like slivers of white-hot iron. Ice powder, hard, dry, and sharp, grinds the web snow-shoes like steel filings. On Berthoud at night the stars are near; they silently crackle and spit colors like electric sparks.

In the valley the morning star paled as if frozen and with a spiteful snap winked out. The line of sunlight, half-way down the Pass, met Sullivan, half-way up. The blue-gray cold melted to a flood of Heaven's own warmth. It would be warmer soon, then hot, then blistering on the snow. Sullivan stopped to rest, panting steam; peeled off his coat and put on his veil.

To climb Berthoud in winter is the work of a man. It is too much for an engine. The man was at his work. Slowly up the east side, around the Big Bend, up to the now deserted mail barn, labored the mail carrier. The summit was a mile farther on and a quarter of a mile farther up. No arranged postal car, warm, light, and convenient, was the lot of Sullivan. The car was on his back, a bag of mail. Contrary to regulations, devised by easy-chair postal officials in far-off Washington, the papers and packages had been held at Empire. Only the letters went over.

"They'll keep," said the Empire postmaster, a man of vast common-sense, as he tore a chew off Sullivan's plug. Then he and Sullivan hid the bag of "second-class"

"SULLIVAN BEGAN TO CLIMB."

under the hay in the manger of the mail team until the thaw was over. So Sullivan traveled light—only sixty-four pounds on his back and twenty pounds of wet snow on each web snow-shoe a foot beneath the surface.

By the bleak station labored Sullivan. "Only zero! Hot. Whe-ew-w!" gasped the carrier as he wiped the sweat from his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt. Sullivan meant it. Twelve feet of frigid white was between him and the earth; in the shadows the mercury was solid in the split tubes, yet in the sunlight the surface was slush. Sullivan was in his shirt-sleeves with fur mittens on his hands. Icicles hung from his eyelashes, yet his cheeks were burning. His nose was a blister, though his face was veiled as heavily as milady's on an escapade. In the sun the snow was mush: in the shadow it was marble. Such is sunlight and shade on the southeastern snowbanks at timberline. No wind. And the air was thin.

"HE STOOD ON THE RAMPART OF WINTER.

Silence. The only sound was the carrier's labored breath, and the sock-rasp-splosh of the shoes. And Sullivan came to the summit—and the shadow. There the mercury falls a degree a minute when the sun goes down. A hundred and four at noon, an inch of ice at dawn. The ground is frozen for five hundred and forty feet. Such is the summer summit.

But this was winter. Up the south gorge like the burst of a volcano, so cold that the smoke was snow-dust, roared the storm. Sullivan saw it—looked with the indifferent interest of long experience, and put on his short fur coat. As he retied his snow-shoes he looked back—and down. Below him lay the west fork of Clear Creek, green in the coming spring. He stood on the rampart of winter. On either side towered pinnacles of storm-eaten rock, bleak as the Poles themselves. From their tops white powder streamed in the wind like crests, and floured down on the pigmy at their feet. The carrier was taking a swift, silent goodby of the infant summer. Straight to the south flamed the sun, so low in the clear sky that Sullivan, standing on Berthoud, felt that it was below him, that he stood alone on the tip of the universe. Behind him the swirling heavens were murky. The world was black, white, and thin blue—silent, motionless, and cold.

But the cold was creeping for Sullivan's heart, and he swung his arms. "Good for the legs," he remarked to a stump that in summer was a dead pine tree. "Track looks like a hobbled elephant. Well, here goes." And down into the gorge went Sullivan. The gale had started in Alaska and swept two-thirds of a continent to the southeast. In Montana it had torn the anemometer, the official whirligig, from the signal station, but had left the register; and the needle pointed to eighty-five miles an hour. It was stronger now. Caught by the wide mouth of the south fork of the Fraser and jammed into the rocky defile, the white fiend roared straight into the air and doubled back on its track. Into this walked Sullivan. A single snowflake, sharp as a bunch of needle-points, struck his forehead, but glanced away into the white tempest. Snow-sand cut his veil. Instantly his breath was sucked from his lungs and sent twenty-thousand feet—four miles above the sea. Sullivan whirled, his back to the flinty sleet, and the storm fell upon his sack. But no snow-storm can stop the United States mail. With a belly-jerk Sullivan wrenched a breath from the torrent.

"Quite a Colorado zephyr," he yelled, but could not hear himself. There was almost perfect silence around him, because he could hear nothing—only a leaden roar. No slush there; the surface was sand-paper. Zip-zip-zip, with his head low, Sullivan butted down the gulch. Then it eased up. The wind dropped to a mile a minute and it cleared greatly. Sullivan could see ten feet ahead. Easier now, he loped over the crust, down, down, down, leaving no track; not even a whiff of snow was blown from the trail. The snow was hard, sharp, and glittered in the white night as the surface of broken steel. A blast of snow-sand caught the flying carrier full in the face. The ground ice cut like powdered glass shot from a battery. Sullivan, his arms before his head, ran into and leaned against a cracking pine like a guilty child. The pine straightened with a snap, quivering as if tired: Sullivan lowered his arms; all was still, quiet, pleasant. The snow was smiling; the sun was shining; there was no wind.

"Lovely, ain't it? Snowslide gone off wrong end up," said a voice.

Sullivan jumped. A quick sweep of the near distance showed nothing human but himself. "Did I say that?" he muttered. "This bucking snow is about as good on a man's savey as herding sheep. I'll be as locoed as a swelled-necked buck if I keep this up. Hello!"

"Howd'y?" answered the voice, while from under a sheltering ledge, crusted over but filled soft and dry with icy down as if banked from a feather-bed, a sheeted figure appeared and shook itself. It fairly rattled.

"Nice little blow, wasn't it? I had an idea I was the only pack animal of the long-eared breed on the Range; but I see I have company, baggage and all. Glad to see you, though. By the way, sorry to trouble you, but I'll have to ask you for those shoes and that coat; also any spare change you've got, your ticker, and that mail-bag. Now don't go off half-cocked and empty, or we'll have trouble."

He of the voice had leveled a long six-shooter, white with frost and snow, at the mail carrier. Sullivan was not startled; what was the use? But he was annoyed—this lacked mountain courtesy. Then he grinned.

"Not this trip, pardner. Your artillery's as full of snow as the Arctic Circle, while this instrument I have——"

Flame, smoke, and steam exploded between the two men. As it floated upward,

he of the voice was bent double, squeezing his right hand between his knees. Blood was dripping over his felt boots and overshoes. An exploded six-shooter rang on the ice twenty feet away.

"I told you you'd have fireworks if you turned that ice-jam loose. No wonder she bu'sted. What'd you expect? You're too experienced a man by the looks of you to throw such a kid trick as that. Thought I wasn't heeled, hey, and you'd work a bluff on me, did you? Goin' to spear me on an icicle! Now, you fool"—Sullivan's tone became a dry metallic—"you wiggle a hair and I'll kill you. My gun has not been out all winter. It's ready for business. Just off the hip; hot as buckwheat. Now don't do the stage-eye act on me, nor try any football dives—and leave that sticker of yours alone. You might cut somebody with it. No, thank you, I'll help myself. Straighten up now, and turn your back. See here! Are you going to do as I tell you, or shall I fix your hide so that they'll tan it for chair bottoms? Jump lively now, or I'll fill you so full of lead that you'll assay for Leadville ore, and it'll take the coroner's jury twenty-four hours to count the holes. Still I don't want to kill you; it's a dirt job, and I would rather walk you into town than haul you there on your back. Oh, don't go frothing now and sass me back like that. Of course I'm festive. Who wouldn't be, with a five-thousand-dollar winner—*hold on there!*—five-thousand-dollar gold mine, as I was a-sayin', in your own self as a standing reward for Black Jack. *N-no*, my dear sir! A single jump into my latitude and I'll plug you. Post-office robber, hugh? And gathered in by Uncle Samuel himself in the person of your humble striker! Lord! I ain't talked so much since speech-makin' over good luck come into fashion. Oh, yes, I know you. No; it ain't no lie, either. I have your circular description here in my pocket, right next my heart, to tack up in ev'ry mail window between Empire and Hot Sulphur. You're wanted, wanted bad; five thousand dollars' worth of bad, too; and I've got you—and incidently I intend to keep you. Now drop that cleaver of your'n and shinny on down the trail there, or you'll have troub——"

A mile above a concussion jolted the cliff: a terrific echo to the pistol-shot. Down came the slide—gently at first—so far away it seemed only as wide as one's hand. In an instant the snow shot from under the two men. The enemies fell flat. A mile of snow, bristling hair-like with root-torn pines, thundered down the slope. Sullivan and Black Jack, forgetful of each other, were tossed whirling in the air, and fell back into the grinding chaos. Yet the piece of ice on which they lay was thick and solid, laced and interlaced with tough brushwood frozen in. This woven acre rode the avalanche like a sled.

An hour later a mountain lion sneaked over the wreck. A hill of snow, ice, broken stone, and splintered logs dammed the gulch. Away to the top of the Range the track of the slide lay like a scald. Miles away, high in the air, a cloud of white dust was floating. All nature was hushed as if frightened. A screeching eagle went flapping far away. From under the ruin a wolf howled dismally; then weaker and weaker—a piteous whine—silence. Berthoud had struck a terrible blow: and humanity—where were the men? The panther was hunting; his nose had found them, but not his jaws. Settling himself he dug. As the famished brute raked a log to one side with his gaunt paw, he heard a groan within an inch of his ear. Whirling he flashed up the mountain side a streak of yellow. But his work was done. From the shallow hole Sullivan appeared, chalk white, his face a ghastly blue. He struggled carefully, then desperately, to free himself; but when he stopped exhausted, only his head and shoulders showed above the snow.

"Pinned down—dead—my last trip—and yet not hurt. Freeze like a cockroach in the ice-house. Cool, my boy, cool—keep cool. Don't lose your head—don't get rattled, or you're a dead man. Now's when you need all your brain. Keep cool—though you'll be cool enough all too soon."

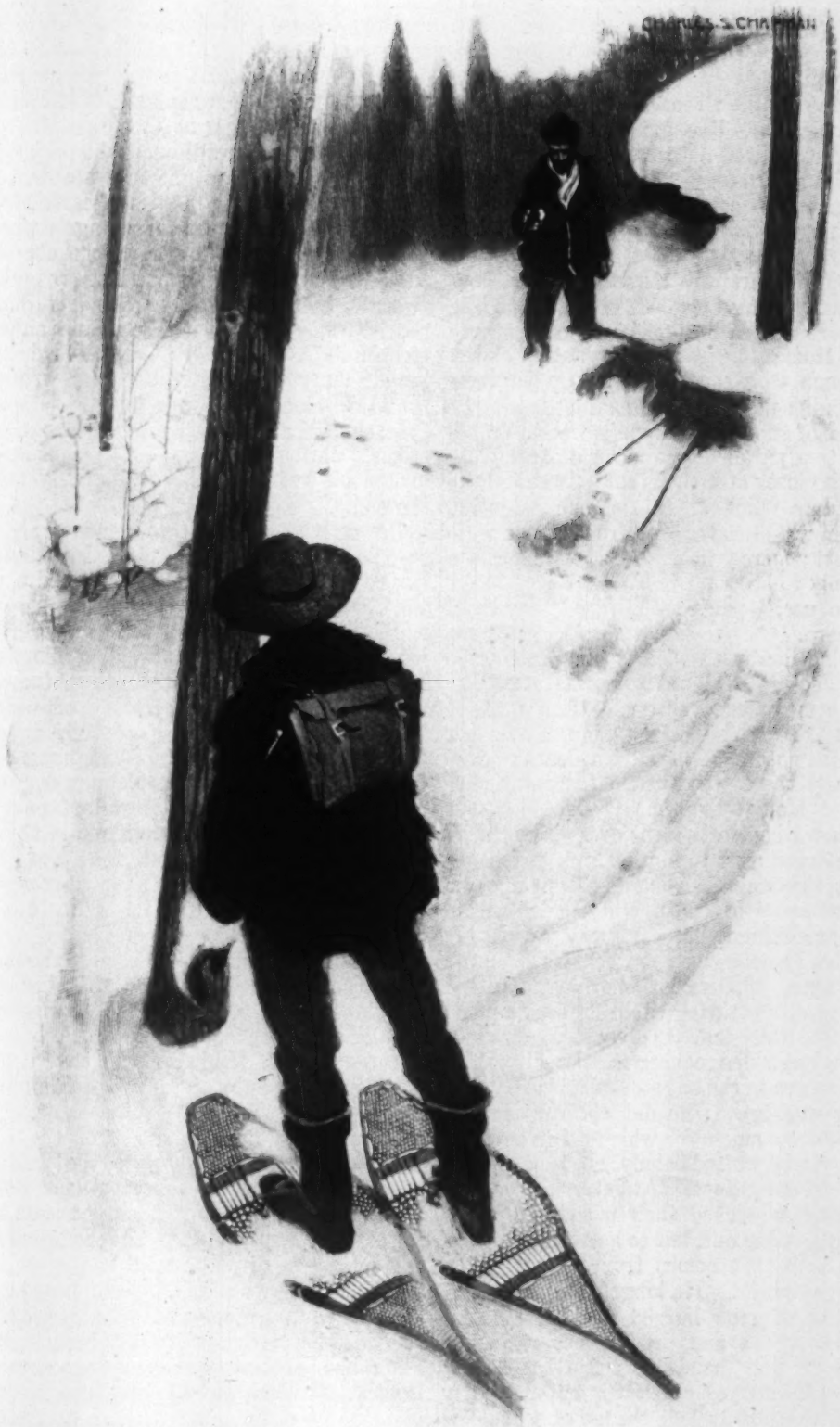
Sullivan's head disappeared in the panther-dug hole. Slowly the end of a small log ten feet away rose into the air and fell aside. Up straightened the grizzly head of Black Jack, one side daubed with a red slush.

"Well—I—be—damned! This don't look much like hell: still it's a pretty good imitation," growled the desperado as he gazed around on the confusion. He noticed the straining mail-sack. Black Jack waited silently until the carrier's haggard face again came above the rim. The two men looked into each other's eyes.

"Hurt?" asked Sullivan.

"Don't think so. Both feet fast. How's yourself?"

"One leg in a vise—can't move it. What d'you think?"



"HE OF THE VOICE HAD LEVELED A LONG SIX-SHOOTER, WHITE WITH FROST AND SNOW, AT THE MAIL CARRIER."

"We're done for."

"Guess you're right. How's the snow round you?"

"None 't all—all ice. Solid."

"Hold still. I've got one foot a little loose," exclaimed Sullivan as he stamped on a log far below.

"Same log," said the thief, "got us both."

Nothing more was said. They went to work. The carrier unslung the mail-sack and laid it carefully aside. For an hour both men strained, pulled, twisted, and dug with bare fingers until the purple ends were raw. Human fingers are not panther claws. Both men were packed tight up to their armpits in solid snow. Four feet below the surface of the ruin their legs were fast between two parallel logs as in a steel trap. An inch closer and their ankles would have cracked like pipe-stems; an inch wider and the men would have been free. They were not hurt; merely held. Berthoud had been kind only to be cruel.

"No use," panted Sullivan; "my trail ends here."

"Mine don't. I wish it did," answered Black Jack. The hard tone was gone, the voice was almost gentle. "Hell's ahead of me. You're an honest man, my friend, and have nothin' to fear from death; while I—" and there was silence for many minutes. "Many's the time I've faced it, but not when I had to think it over—like this," he continued as if to himself.

Then they waited. A camp-robber came like the blue angel of death, and scolded within a yard, mocking them. "Lucky jay, you've got what I would give the world for," mused Black Jack. Sullivan said nothing. He was thinking of a little log-cabin at Hot Sulphur; of an old, white-haired lady who at that moment he knew was rocking contentedly before the open fire in the hot stone fireplace. The carrier was brave; he did not want to die. Life held so much for which to live and to work; yet he waited calmly, his brain as cold as his freezing foot. At intervals the men struggled, wrenched their muscles, with no hope of getting out, but to keep warm. The thirst-fever that comes from pain dried the carrier's tongue. He longed for water. A mouthful of snow burned like hot cinders. He spat it out and pressed the rigid jaw with stiff, bare hands to warm the aching teeth. He looked about for water. Fifty feet up the mountain, in the lee of a boulder, was a spring; but it was frozen solid and banked with snow. The breeze was gently keen. Sullivan's clothes grew cold; he felt nude and shrank from them; his skin became small and tight, smarting as if blistered. A chill shook him. Blunt pains worked along the bones and met in the joints. Each particular finger and toe seemed about to burst; his scalp stiffened; his chin was numb. The cold was gnawing between his shoulders, was biting for his heart. Only the wedged foot was warm, strangely warm. Webs of spidery ice floated in the cheerful sunlight and vanished. Flashing wrigglers swarmed before the man's eyes and disappeared—only to come again. Sullivan was freezing. Away into the sky loomed Berthoud, hoary with icy ermine and wrapped in fleecy clouds. To Sullivan's hopeless eyes the wreathing veil seemed smoke and steam, curiously warm. He shuddered, locked his rattling jaws, and grimly faced the end.

Up on the summit the clouds were of gold; the very top was red. In oblivious majesty rose the Pass; but over and about the two heads sticking from the snow a single snowflake, flashing, dazzling, glittering, was wafted like a dancing diamond. It tickled Sullivan's face, then tumbled into the air in a very ecstasy of whirls. The man's head drooped, drooped, dipped, jerked back, drooped again, and hung pendulously. Sullivan was asleep, warm and comfortable. With a dull yell of pain he awoke. Black Jack had hit him in the ear with a snowball.

"Hang on, friend. Keep a-scrapin'. Don't give up," were the rough words of cheer.

The carrier knotted his muscles, shook off the torpor as if it were the tightening coils of a cold snake, and rubbed his burning ear.

"What's the use? We'll both be stiff in three hours. Might as well have it over with," replied Sullivan as if speaking of a card game.

Aroused, he freed his feet of the webs and forced some feeling into the prisoned one. From his pocket he took his lunch, until now forgotten, and silently tossed half to his fellow-prisoner. The camp-robber darted on to a piece of meat in the air, and flew squawking to a limb. Black Jack swore at the bird in profane amusement. Sullivan redivided his piece of pork and threw it over. The robber protested, raked it in, and tossed it back. Sullivan ate his own share, but this piece of meat he put back into his pocket.

Black Jack looked at him. "Say, pardner, you're a man." The fires of life, rekindled, flamed up anew in the desperado.

"I *will* get loose," he snarled with set teeth as he tore frightfully at the snow packed around his waist.

"Try this; my hands are too stiff to use it," said Sullivan, as he threw his watch to Black Jack.

"Ah, a regular snow-plow," grunted the other as he sprung open the lid with his teeth and began to scrape. "Sa-ay!"—the yell rang up the Pass—"here's my knife."

Buried tight in the snow was the knife—life itself—within easy reach, yet frozen fast. Sullivan did not answer, but waited. Just then Black Jack's hands dropped the watch. It vanished along his leg into the black hole that held him, and then faintly clinked on a stone under the log-jam. With a curse the lifelong criminal clawed viciously at the snow with scarlet fingers. Ten minutes of bloody scratching cleared the handle and hilt of the heavy bowie; and Black Jack's head and shoulders arose triumphant, his gory right hand flourishing the priceless steel. The light from that blade flashed to the very top of Berthoud. Sullivan writhed to keep warm.

The shadows were growing longer now.

"'WE'RE DONE FOR.'"

Another two hours the sun would be down, and their lives would go out like candles. Black Jack ripped, jabbed, strained, and from his burrow hurled ice, snow, and splintered wood. Iron against water, with men for stakes. In thirty minutes he was free all but his feet. Both ankles were held between two logs: one thick as his waist, the other a mere pole. Hack, slice, split. In five minutes more Black Jack, sweating and breathless, crawled painfully from the hole. He tried to stand, but tottered and fell as if on stilts. He rubbed, he pounded, he rolled and twisted his numbed calves and feet: the thick, black blood turned bright and throbbed again. Black Jack stood erect, danced sorely, and except for his skinless fingers and a scalp wound, now stanched with a frozen plaster of bloody hair, he was as well as ever. The bruised shoulder was unheeded. A lusterless snowflake dropped weakly at the man's feet. He stepped on it as he picked up the knife and clambered over the snow and logs to the carrier.

Black Jack looked at Sullivan, and Sullivan looked at Black Jack. Sullivan's lips were without motion, but in his eyes was the look of a paw-fast grizzly. The desperado seated himself on a broken spruce branch not six feet from Sullivan, rested his hands on his knees, and thought. He stared at the carrier. Here was a man whom two hours before he had tried to kill; who in turn stood ready to kill him; who had even started him at the muzzle of his six-shooter on that short, sure road to a living death—the penitentiary for life. Leave him there—why not? No crime: he had not put him there. What if it were a crime? Who would know? And what if they did? In the spring—perhaps not for years—they would find the skeleton, and fleshless jaws say little. Dig him out—then what? Was it not to set free a messenger sure to start all the machinery of the law to land the rescuer in a cage—a cage where nothing could come but insanity and death? Had he not escaped entirely by his own efforts? The watch! But the other's hands had been—still were—too cold to use it, so it could have done him no good. Black Jack thought these things, seated on the log-end in the snow-slide that frigid February day, facing his enemy—that enemy now harmless, but all-powerful if free. Why reverse their positions? Black Jack looked at the Range ahead. It was good just to be alive—and free. Then he looked once more at Sullivan—silent, waiting Sullivan—then at the empty hole, splotched with his own blood. Why not kill him quickly? One thrust and the cold-tortured man would be out of his misery—surely an act of mercy. Was not this enough? The reckless, murderous robber, careless of life and death, hunted by seventy-two millions, a bounty on his head, thoroughly understood the situation. So did his victim. The camp-robber flickered into the air and away homeward to a distant ranch. This winged freedom fascinated the criminal. He watched the bird float beyond the pine tops, looked again at the Range, stiffened to his feet, picked up the bowie, glanced behind him, and gazed down at the helpless, freezing Sullivan.

"I would not trade places with you," came from the carrier's lips; but the murderer was looking at the pocketed piece of meat. Then Black Jack took the knife by the blade and handed it to Sullivan.

The carrier tried to speak. Black Jack smiled, and with wooden fingers fumbled for his pipe. Sullivan bent into the hole to hide his tears—and to work. A half hour and Black Jack pulled the carrier from the hole. A minute more and the two men, the morally white with black spots, the morally black with white spots, stood face to face. Sullivan put out his hand. Black Jack took it.

"Pardner, you're a square man. Thanks. Here"—Sullivan peeled off his fur jacket, his cap, and his overshoes—"take these, and this," added the carrier, as he handed the robber two bills and some silver. Then he hesitated—but with a jerk unbuckled his cartridge belt and, with its dangling holster full of snow, gave it to Black Jack. "You'll find the gun in the hole: I felt it with my foot. Don't use it unless you have to. She's sighted to a hair, and has a soft trigger—but *I* want this knife. Good-by. Mexico is the place for you. Less snow there."—Both men smiled grimly.—"Take straight down the gulch on the other side; it'll be frozen by the time you get there. A freight is due at Empire at two in the morning—usually late, though. You can make it if you hump yourself. The shoes are in the hole there. I kicked them off. Eat that bacon when you get on top; it'll help limber up your legs. Leave the trucks at the mouth of the cañon—she slows up there for the switch—for Golden is right ahead, and your picture is in the post-office. Cut to your right across the saddleback, which you'll see about four miles to the southeast; then straight on southeast fifteen or twenty miles, and you'll hit the Santa Fé tracks going south. Jump

"LEAVE HIM THERE—WHY NOT?"

'em, and a week from now you'll cross the Rio Grande—*quien sabe?* Go to the Three Triangle outfit in Chihuahua; tell the foreman—Pete Miller he is known by down there—I sent you, and he'll give you a job punching. He'll do it 'cause I snaked him out of the Grand four years ago with his chaps on and she was a boomin'—runnin' ice. I'd help you fish out those webs, but I've got a case of cold feet, and guess I'll have to quits ya."

"Your foot's frozen, ain't it? And I reckon I'd better be goin' a piece back with you," said Black Jack.

"No; no need of that; only frosted; all right now. I can stump it in all right. These Dutch socks 'll last me till I reach Chipmunk's. You've no time to lose, pardner, so *adios*. Good luck to you. And"—Sullivan stopped embarrassed—"and—if I were you, I'd quit this business. Don't pay."

"You're right. I made up my mind to that in the hole there—just before I found the knife. If I hadn't—you—" Black Jack left the sentence as it was, but Sullivan knew. He gripped the desperado's hand again; but its five bloody fingers made him think of five one-thousand-dollar bills.

"Well, be good to yourself. The mail must go through," the carrier replied as he swung the sack to his shoulders. Then with the knife held like a sword, Sullivan saluted the other and left him. Black Jack's face was working, but he said nothing. At the edge of the timber Sullivan turned and once more waved the bowie. Black Jack swung his cap. Then Sullivan passed beneath the pines.

Three hours late the carrier limped into Chipmunk's. Ten feet of snow on the level had buried the station in December: only the plumed chimney showed. During that tramp Sullivan had been thinking; the inevitable reaction had set in and he staggered under his load, for it seemed to him as if that sack contained the mail of the whole nation; his brain was boiling with conflicting thoughts and warring emotions; and his conscience was divided against itself, for the carrier was an honest man. One word to those in the cabin and by midnight Black Jack, the most dangerous mail robber in the United States, would be behind the bars.

Sullivan shoved open the hinge-complaining door. Gansen was swearing—had been for two hours.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded. "Think I'm agoin' to hold that team here a week and drive it all night, with the spirit thermometer fifty-two below at the Springs this mornin'? If I miss the Colter connection Glenn won't do a thing but come up the line with a meat-ax for the whole outfit. The mails has got to go through. What's the trouble? You look as if you and a mowing-machine had been havin' an argument."

"Oh, nothin'," said Sullivan. "Bucked into a little slide just above High Bridge. We mixed, and I lost most of my goods and chattels, but acquired a whole museum of bumps and such things, beside a choice set of refrigerated toes. But here's the mail. No. No second-class at Empire at all. Guess it's delayed in Denver; or else good people don't mail papers in the winter time. See here, Chipmunk, you old gorilla! I want you to let up on trappin' along my trail. I don't like it. Found a marten in one of your infernal machines, and I turned him loose. Threw the Newhouse about forty miles somewheres off into the timber. I don't want any more of it. Savey?

"Well, *adios*, Jim. Give my apologies to the folks in Hot Sulphur 'cause their mail is late. It won't happen next time—perhaps not for a thousand years. Tell Mark I'll be down to the dance, sure. Ask the Colter schoolmarm to save me a waltz. Sure, now! Ta-ta.

"Say, Chip! Get a wiggle on ya. Got any coffee? I'm tired." And Sullivan lifted the pot off the stove. On the fire he put a bunch of circulars. He soon had the coffee boiling.

THOUGHTS.

By Winifred Webb.

Grim wrestlers on the field of fate,
They strive together, round on round;
What men call deeds of love and hate
Are but their shadows on the ground.

NANCY AND I AND THE GIRL

Being episodes in a bachelor life

By N. V. McClelland

"CAN you tell me," I inquired of the study in black and white who held open the door for me, "if Miss Nancy Bissel is at home?"

"Yes, suh, she are," was the wondering reply.

"Then," I said, handing out my card with a fine air, "give her this, if you please, and tell her that I have come to play dolls with her."

The maid was a new one. She evidently doubted my sanity and reliability. I think she cast a hesitating glance at the silver things as she ushered me into the reception-room. She needn't have done that; I'm sure I looked respectable.

In a minute Nancy came running to the top of the stairs.

"Tum up! Tum up!" she called. And when my head was on a level with her arms, she lassoed me and held me fast. There was nothing to do, of course, but to pick her up and carry her in with me.

"It's the Animal Man! It's the Animal Man!" she chanted to my steps. "Will you make me some pussies, and some bunnies, and some elephants, and some——"

"Every one," I promised rashly.

I have a confused idea of getting into the library with Nance on my shoulder, and finding a lot of stupid people there. Don't remember now who they were, most of them. I know there was one girl in a white fluff who was all laugh.

"Is this," she asked, when I was presented to her, "the child who came to play with Nancy?"

There was laughter in the Girl's eyes as well as in her voice. And there was laughter on her lips. And a laugh was tucked away in little corners of her face.

I cut yards of paper animals that day. I turned them out by droves. Nancy said I had never made them so badly in my life. The Girl liked to see it done.

"Nancy," said I rebukingly, "I believe you are a terrible tease."

Nancy was standing between my knees. She looked up at me with the merriest kind of a twinkle in her eye, and nodded her small yellow head.

"Yes," she assented cheerfully, "I fink I am."

Had she not just tickled my ear with a long grass until I was hot with anger at that infernal fly? Had she not blown out my match every time I started to light my cigar? Had she not ransacked my pockets ungently and carried off that tiny box of goodies which I had stored there in anticipation of a future feast? And it seemed to me that the Girl was countenancing her persecution.

"The only trouble is," I further observed, "that you don't really know how to tease. Now, I could tell you lots of ways in which you could make me perfectly miserable if you wanted to."

Nancy's eyes sparkled.

"How?" she asked curiously.

"Do you think you might sit on my lap while I name the points?" I inquired.

"If you won't wumple my dwess," said Nancy.

She spread the small white skirts out carefully after she was lifted up.

"In that sentiment," said I, "you have my hearty sympathy. Nothing would tease me so much as to be rumpled."

Nancy's fingers twitched with mischief. She surveyed me intently—close-cut hair and mustache, stiff collar and trim tie,

"'HOW OLD ARE YOU?'"

close-fitting roundabout and trousers of dark blue, and shiny low shoes.

"There's nothing to wumple!" she decided, with grievous disappointment in her tone.

"Never mind," I suggested consolingly, "there are other things that annoy me. Next to being rumpled, I think it would tease me most to be kissed by a little girl."

"Ho!" laughed Nancy. "Won't you please," she asked in a very polite, sugary tone, "won't you please shut your eyes one tiny minute?"

"You are going to play some trick on me," I protested.

"Please," coaxed Nancy.

I closed them obediently. But I felt her wee, sweet face coming nearer and nearer to mine. I turned my head aside in disgust. She had to climb up a bit to reach around. Then she put a delicious, soft little kiss right on my lips. I grunted with annoyance. She laughed. Another one over my right eye, one on my forehead, another landing somewhere near my ear, another—. And Nancy was dancing around the room in glee.

"I teased you then! I teased you then! Didn't I?" she cried.

"Dreadfully!" I admitted, stalking after her as fast as dignity would allow. "But it's my turn now."

I caught her and held her fast. We sank down together into a deep chair. The Girl was watching us merrily. Nancy gurgled with delight.

"Please, giant, let me go home to my muvver," she piped.

"Never!" I thundered, with a sudden idea, born of the Girl's look, "until you have performed my behest."

"What's that?" asked Nancy naïvely.

"This," said I, and whispered in her ear.

"Ezzackly in the middle?" said she.

"Exactly," I answered, kissing her. "Now, quick! Put your hand over it, so it can't get away."

Nancy flashed from my arms to the Girl. She put it exactly in the middle.

There is a color that the sails of ships take on in the early dawn of a perfect day. I have never seen it but twice. The other time was on a ship.

"Nancy," said I, "you're free and safe. And that," I added suggestively, looking out of the window, "is more than your poor Belinda is going to be if you leave her where she is now—out on the lawn in the way of the dogs."

Nancy gave a motherly cry of distress and considerately left us alone.

Nancy went up to the Girl crab-fashion as we sat there on the piazza. She was twisting herself around uneasily inside of her little white dress.

"Please," she asked, "won't you wub my back for me?"

The Girl put out her hand and rubbed between Nancy's shoulders.

"No," said the child, "not there; further down, where I fold up."

"Oh, yes," replied the Girl understandingly. And after she had found the right spot she picked Nancy up and settled her comfortably.

"Now," suggested Nancy, "let's play colors. You begin."

"Very well, then," said I. "What is it I see on this piazza—you can't go off the piazza, of course——"

"Why not?" objected the Girl.

"It's one of the rules of the game," I replied, eyeing her sternly. "Isn't it, Nancy? Oh, it's plain you don't know anything about colors. Nancy and I have played before. You will just have to sit still and listen."

"Never mind, we'll teach you," Nancy comforted her.

"Where was I?" I went on. "Well, what is it I see on this piazza that is pink, very delicate pink?"

The Girl's eyes twinkled as she looked down at the little head in front of her.

"I think," she said, "it must be——"

"Oh, wait a minute, just a teeny minute," cried Nancy. Her hands danced with excitement.

"It's—it's—it's my hair wibbons!" she hazarded breathlessly. The Girl saved her from an avalanche to the floor.

"Quite right," said I, with a reluctant, would-be-honest look at the Girl's cheeks.

"And now," said Nancy, "it's my turn."

She looked around searchingly, and finally fastened her eyes on me.

"I see somefing gway," she announced, opening them very wide.

"Oh, dear!" said I, putting my hand instinctively to my head. "Is it as bad as that, Nancy? And what do you mean by calling attention to it this way, I'd like to know?"

Nancy went off, shouting with laughter over my dour face. We heard her calling through the house.

"I'm afraid, dear," I sighed, "that I'm growing old."

"Oh!" protested the Girl.

"Yes," I affirmed stoutly, "I'm aging fast."

"A man," she quoted, "is as old as he feels."

"But I feel," said I—"Nance! Oh, Nance! Come here a minute, will you?"

She pattered back over the polished floor and out to my chair.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Five," she replied, "five and free-quarters."

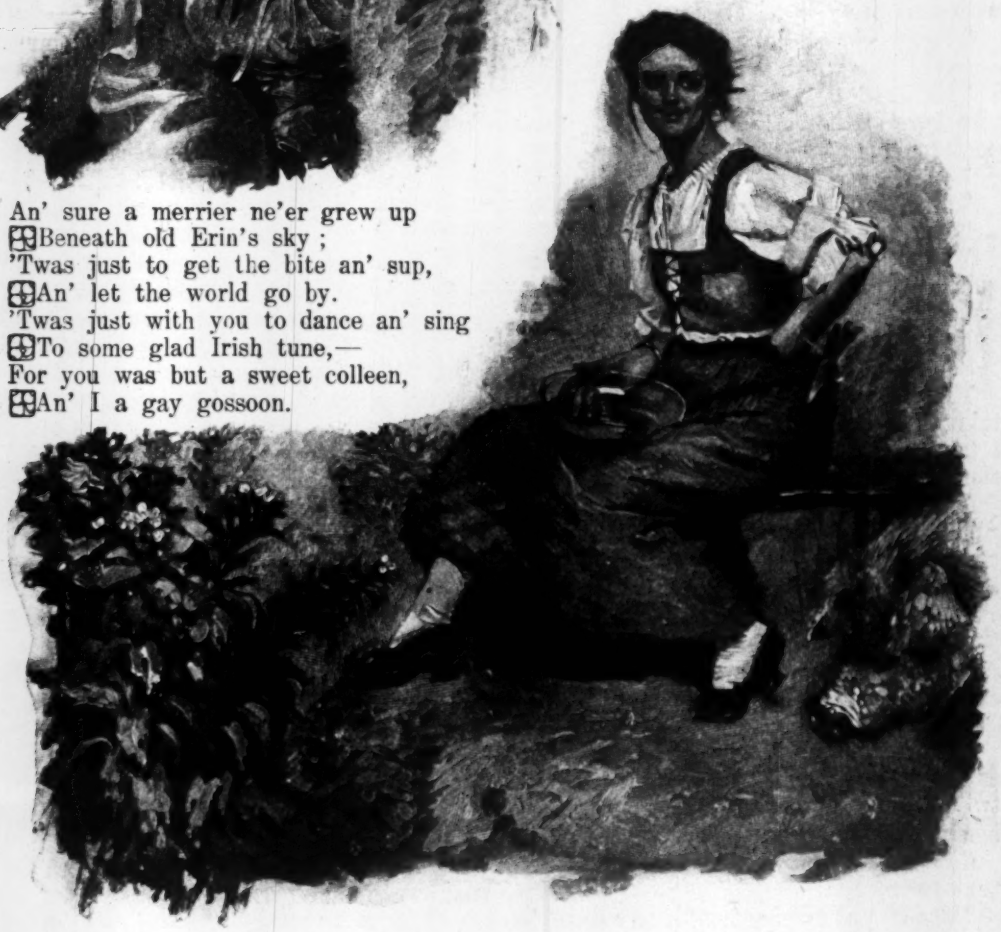
"Just my age, Nancy," said I.

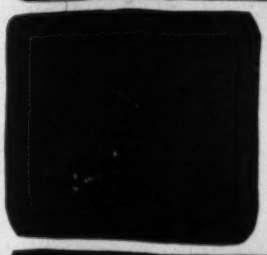
TO NORA MAVOURNEEN

Mary Celestia Bell

O BLESSIN'S on the old days
When joy was to the fore,
With praties sweetly blossomin'
Ferninst the cabin door;
An' we to foot it on the green
With neither scrip nor shoon,—
For you was just a sweet colleen,
An' I a gay gossoon.

An' sure a merrier ne'er grew up
Beneath old Erin's sky;
'Twas just to get the bite an' sup,
An' let the world go by.
'Twas just with you to dance an' sing
To some glad Irish tune,—
For you was but a sweet colleen,
An' I a gay gossoon.

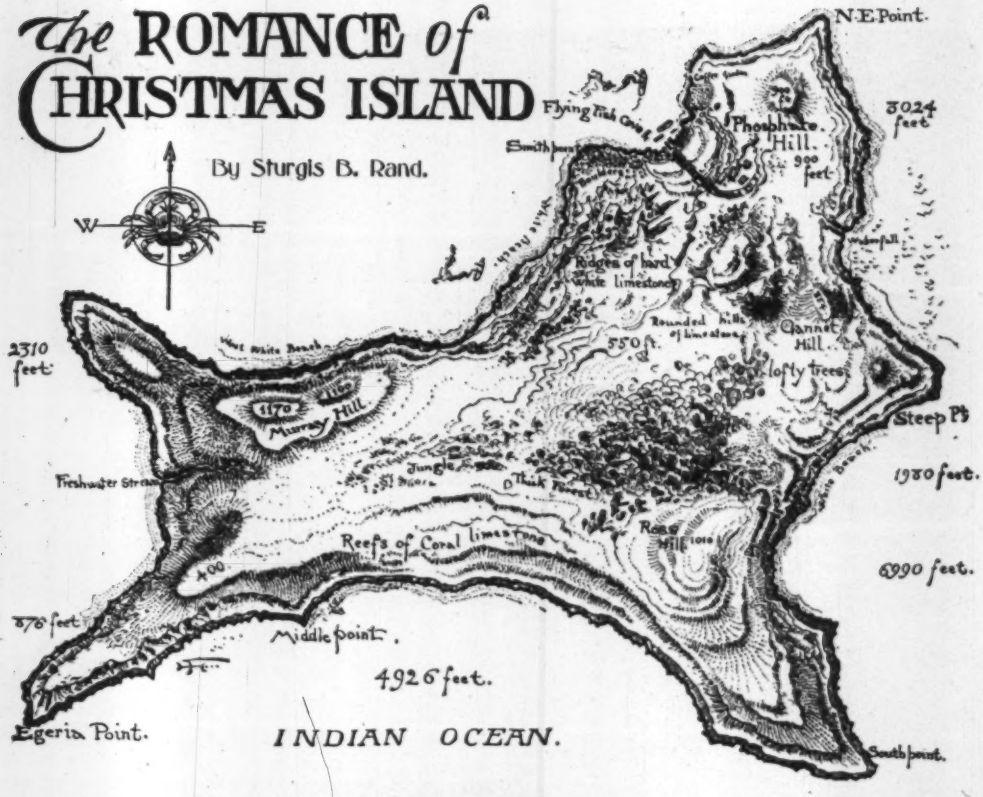




An' blessin's on the black days
A-streelin' o'er the sky ;
No praties in the ash-bed,
No creature in the sty.
The hunger kep' us broad awake
To dance beneath the moon,—
For you was just a sweet colleen,
An' I a gay gossoon.

The ROMANCE of CHRISTMAS ISLAND

By Sturgis B. Rand.

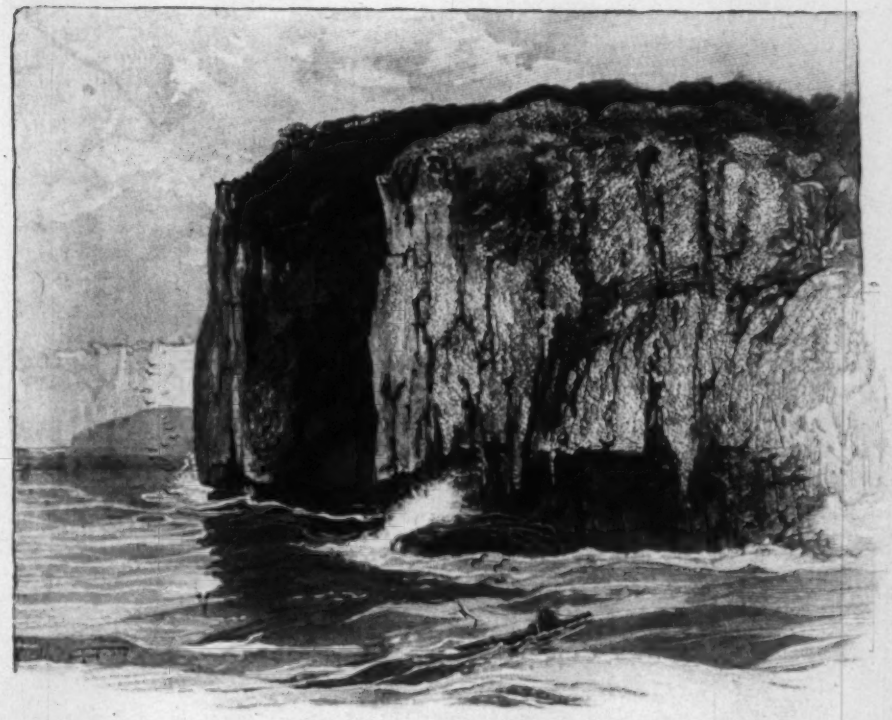


TRUE STORY OF A RECENTLY-DISCOVERED "TREASURE ISLAND."

NOTHING so enthralls the imagination, especially the fresh imagination of a boy, as the thought of an island set far out in the lonely waste of a southern sea. Palms rise first from over the horizon's edge; then the long, low beaches of sand appear, with the surf thundering upon them; the sea-birds clatter at the strange sight of a sail; perhaps the black, sprawling ribs of some ancient wreck rise above the smothering sand, and beyond that, leading down from the tufted palms, are the footprints of a savage. Who knows what pirates have careened their ships in that half-hidden harbor, or what rough men, bearded, heads bound with red kerchiefs, pistols in sash, have there been marooned, and have stood gazing out to sea for a sail. A far-sea island is the open door to all romance. How well Robert Louis Stevenson, who was always a boy in imagination and all too briefly a man in years, knew that door. How he loved a sea island! And where is the boy who would not give his birthright to have been on the "Hispaniola" when she first sighted "Treasure Island"! And what is the charm of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson" and "Sindbad the Sailor," of Poe at his best, and Marryat and Cooper, and all those other robust story-tellers who have made life worth living—what but a sea island!

And yet not one of these giants among writers has ever, in all the ocean of imagination, sighted an island more strangely wonderful than that the true story of which I shall set down in this place. For Christmas Island is remarkable in ways that the story-teller never dreamed of. It is an island of modern romance—the kind of romance which will absorb the interest of the boy of half a century hence. No pirates ever landed on the shore of Christmas Island, for its shores are too rough and forbidding to tempt even a hardy sailor; no barefooted savage ever left a footprint on its beaches, for until a few years ago no human voice was ever heard among its higher hills; no sailors were ever there marooned, nor gold buried.

Vessels bound down through the Straits of Sunda, making for the Cocos or Keeling Islands, the pearl fisheries of West Australia, or some other far place, sometimes, on the



STEEP POINT, CHRISTMAS ISLAND.

second day out, sight a patch of green rising above the horizon on the port side; and, seeing it, they sail no nearer. But vessels bound up are often borne much nearer by the trades, so that they can make out the full extent of the land—a high-shouldered, green-mantled island, fringed about with a white collar of surf plunging against its precipitous sides. It is about nine miles long, with a hill at each end, and a gently-sloping plateau between. If the skipper has been long at sea, he knows, when he sees this island, that he is just 220 miles due south of the western tip of Java, which is the nearest land, and 900 miles from Australia; and though he need water and food, he is wary about attempting to land on its inhospitable coast.

And so vessels have been passing up and down the Indian Ocean and sighting Christmas Island for more than three hundred years, yet knowing little or nothing about it. On a curious old Dutch chart, made by one Pieter Goos in 1666, it is given the name Moni. In 1688 that bold old seaman, Dampier, blundered upon this patch of green while trying to make the Cocos or Keeling Islands. He needed a pump, as he writes quaintly, and it being a calm day, he succeeded in getting a boat ashore, where his carpenter cut a tree. The men brought back a load of boobies, frigate birds, and land-crabs. The crabs evidently pleased the hungry crew, for Dampier says, "They were very good sweet meat, and so large that two of them were more than a man could eat, being almost as thick as one's leg."

After that, about once in a hundred years, some captain mentioned the island in his reports. One sailed entirely around it, searching for an anchorage and finding none; another landed a party, perilously enough, with the intention of reaching the summit of one of the hills, but the high cliffs and the dense tropical growths turned him back. As there were no evidences of natives who might buy gew-gaws, nor of valuable vegetable or mineral products, the island was left in the mist of obscurity. Even those great island hunters, the Dutch, never thought it worth while to raise a flag upon it; for how could they know its value? Thus time reached the latter half of the nineteenth century, and the only thing this green spot in the Indian Ocean had earned was a name, Christmas Island, the very origin of which is lost in the lore of ancient log-books.

Then came scientists, dropping leads into the sea—idly, the practical man thought—to see how deep the water was, and they learned the first curious thing about Christmas Island. They found that the shore of the

FLYING-FISH COVE. HERE THE FIRST LANDING WAS MADE.

island was in fact the side of an enormous submarine mountain; that when they let their lines down, even near land, there was "no bottom," so far as ordinary soundings were concerned; and that two miles away the water had a depth of over 6,000 feet, or nearly one and a fifth miles. But even that was not the base of this huge mountain. To the north lay the awful sea valley known as Maclear Deep, nearly four miles below the summit of Christmas Island; and to the south was that other valley, Wharton Deep, with a depth nearly as great. Should the water be suddenly swept from the Indian Ocean, Christmas Island would loom up from the sea bottom around it higher by far than any mountain known to man. And on all sides its peak would be unscalably steep.

All of this evidence of a great new sea mountain came to the hands of the British scientists who made the famous expedition in the "Challenger," and the chief of these was Sir John Murray of Edinburgh, Scotland.

Judging from all obtainable reports, Sir John concluded that this mountain of the sea had once been entirely submerged; that, vast as it was, it had been heaved upward several times until over 1,000 feet of its bulk reached out above the water; and that, while submerged, coral animals and plants had built upon it and covered most of its peak with their skeletons. Here was a good opportunity for studying a unique coral island; and Murray, as well as other British geographers, were anxious to take advantage of it. Accordingly the surveying ship, "Flying Fish," Captain Maclear, which was about to make a voyage in the Indian Ocean, was ordered by the Admiralty to visit Christmas Island. In December, 1886, Captain Maclear first sighted the island from the north. It seemed everywhere rugged and forbidding, with high cliffs undermined with surf, and no bottom for anchoring; but after sailing and sounding entirely around the island, he discovered a small bay with a bit of white beach, to which he gave the name "Flying-Fish Cove." There, by letting his anchor down deep and tying to a tree on the land, he secured his vessel, and sent a party ashore. And then he learned another strange thing concerning the island. All about it swarmed multitudes of birds, some of the sea and some of the land; and so unaccustomed were they to the presence of man that they flew about the heads of the sailors and allowed themselves to be picked from the ground or the trees like pet chickens. If a sailor wanted a

NARROW FIORD, NORTHEAST OF STEEP POINT.

good dinner, he had only to wave his red handkerchief and shout, and all the birds of the air flew about him clamoring, and he took his choice. Maclear's men penetrated a little distance into the jungle which everywhere clothes the island with tropical green, and to their surprise they found everything overrun with robber-crabs and huge rats of an unknown species—rats so fearless that they ran over the explorers' feet as they advanced. There were also large fur-coated bats flitting about in the shadows of the forest and making a great noise. A splendid large fruit-pigeon was abundant, and could be taken with the hand from the trees. Everywhere stretched the virgin forest, never before entered by man. Indeed, as science has concluded, this is one of the few instances, if not the only instance, of a tropical island of any large extent which had never known man's hand, and it was therefore of supreme interest. There was virgin territory in which life had developed, knowing nothing of the influence of that great changer and developer, humanity. How did it become peopled with animals and plants? And what would be the effect if man should introduce the dog, or the cat, or come to live there himself?

Captain Maclear had intended to make exploration of the interior of the island, but the cliffs were so steep and the jungle was so thick that he gave up the attempt, believing that the island had little value. He tried one experiment, however; he left a number of barn-yard fowls on the island, thinking they might breed and multiply greatly. But the undisturbed life of centuries was not to be so easily intruded upon. At Captain Maclear's sailing, his men reported that the land-crabs—the huge, horrible creatures of the jungle—were chasing the fowls; and the next year an expedition, hopeful of chicken pie, found not a bone or a feather of a fowl remaining.

Captain Maclear's visit whetted scientific interest in the island without satisfying the desire to know more of the geological formation of its higher and more inaccessible parts. Consequently Captain Aldrich of the surveying ship "Egeria" was ordered the next year (1887) to make another and more persistent attempt to discover the island's secret. Aldrich had been one of the "Challenger" men, and was a personal friend of Sir John Murray.

On September 30, 1887, the "Egeria" dropped anchor in Flying-Fish Cove. Two lieutenants were sent ashore, and they began at once the difficult and wearisome task of climbing the cliffs and penetrating the jungle. They found a dense growth on the steep hillsides, and the climbing was all the more difficult and dangerous because the ground was made up largely of masses of coral limestone, worn into holes, the

CLEARING ROAD IN FOREST.

edges of which were often very hard and sharp. It was like walking on knife blades. At an elevation of some 600 feet the traveling became much better, and the jungle was not so thick. The next day Captain Aldrich himself landed and followed his lieutenants, afterwards spending a night in the jungle.

"It was dusk when we reached a spot on the ridge and camped for the night," he writes. "About eleven P.M. a breeze sprang up, and it was quite cold enough to enable us to enjoy a good blazing fire, which we had no difficulty in making from the large amount of dry wood round about.

"When we first arrived, the huge crabs came about us in large numbers; in fact, they swarm all over the island, so far as we saw it, and when halted for a few minutes one hears them approaching in all quarters. These are of a bluish-yellow color, with large claws and outstarting eyes, and most offensive to look at. At dark these creatures apparently ceased roaming about, for we neither saw nor heard any of them. We were not without company, however, for the rats came out and were as abundant as the crabs. I shot a couple, and two were killed with one blow from a stick, and very many more might have been got had we thought it worth while procuring them.

"We brought hammocks with us, and slung them under the trees; mine was between two and three feet from the ground, and three rats, I know, came over me as I lay in it; how many more when I was asleep I have no means of telling. We could well have used a blanket, but they would have added too much to our weight for carriage.

"There was a wonderful paucity of insect life; I had hoped by watching to have secured some by means of a light which I had placed on a fallen tree, but a close study for two hours produced only one small moth. It was very still in the bush; beyond the rustling of the trees and the expressions of certain differences of opinion among the rats there was no sound."

Captain Aldrich spent ten days in Flying-Fish Cove, and when he came away, he brought with him numerous specimens of rock from various elevations in the cliffs as well as from the summit of the hill. He had no idea that he had secured anything valuable.

On the return of the "Egeria" these

NORTHWEST POINT.

"It seemed everywhere rugged and forbidding, with high cliffs undermined with surf, and no bottom for anchoring."

geological specimens were turned over to Sir John Murray, and he and his assistants began making analyses at the "Challenger" laboratory in Edinburgh. The early reports showed that the rock was almost pure carbonate of lime, revealing no evidence of its original coral formation; a fact confirming Murray's theory of the formation of the island. But one day the chemical assistant appeared with a bit of rock which he could not make out, and a more careful analysis was ordered. To the astonishment of every one the bit of rock was shown to be almost pure phosphate of lime—a compound of the greatest commercial importance, used the world over for fertilizers and for other purposes. The nature and condition of the specimens led Sir John to believe there were large deposits of this most valuable substance on the island, and he sent at once an expedition under Dr. Guppy, R. N., to explore the island more thoroughly. So far as Sir John could discover, it belonged to no nation, nor had any individual ever laid claim to it, for it had always been considered worthless. Strange as it may seem, the boundary line between the British and Dutch "spheres of influence" ran through the island, small as it was, so that it was within the "protection" of neither nation. Sir John at once applied to the British Foreign Office and Colonial Office to know if he would be protected in the event that he made a settlement on the island. But Captain Aldrich's report being then in hand, and showing, so far as a superficial examination could show, that the island was valueless, the Admiralty preferred not to take any further responsibility. Sir John Murray, still confident that the island had great value, although he had never seen it, succeeded in getting his friend, the late Duke of Argyll, interested in the matter, with the result that Lord Salisbury ordered the island to be annexed to the British Crown. In June, 1888, H. M. S. "Impérieuse" anchored in Flying-Fish Cove, and the day following the flag floated for the first time over Christmas Island; the British Empire had a new possession, won bloodlessly, by modern scientific methods.

In the meantime it became noised abroad that gold had been discovered on the island, and other people landed to collect rocks which, on being sent home for analysis, were found to contain nothing of value. After much correspondence with several government departments a lease of the island was finally granted by the British Government to Sir John Murray and Mr. S. C. Ross of the Cocos or Keeling Islands, and the development of the resources of the island proceeded rapidly.

To-day * Christmas Island is populated with men, and ships anchor familiarly in Flying-Fish Cove. Up the cliff which once barred the way of the stoutest explorers runs a tramway—a tramway in which a car of loaded phosphate running down propels the empty car going back. Substantial houses have been built, roads constructed, wells dug, and the new residents are surrounding themselves with comforts. Not only has man found there an abiding place, but the plants and trees and several of the animals of civilization are also taking root in the new paradise. Coffee, cocoanut-palms, sugar-cane and bananas, pumpkins, tobacco, corn, the date-palm, pomegranate, nutmeg, and bamboo have been made to flourish with great luxuriance on this virgin soil. Dogs have been introduced to wage war on the rats, which they have done with success, and a few goats, pigs, and fowls have also been imported.

Unlike many tropical regions Christmas Island has a nearly ideal climate, such a climate as one dreams about and rarely finds. Most of the year the weather is much like that of a dry, hot English summer, though tempered nearly always by the steady trade-winds from the southeast, which are generally cool and always pure, having blown over miles of open sea. The temperature varies only a little during the year, often less than twenty degrees Fahrenheit. The average daily maximum is eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit, the minimum seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. The island being high, and devoid of swampy places, and never having been contaminated by the filth of human habitation, it is practically free from all diseases, and the present inhabitants are astonishingly healthy. Rain falls only in the winter, with the exception of an occasional shower in the higher parts of the island during summer nights. Occasionally the wind shifts around into the northeast, and there is a terrific storm which beats into Flying-Fish Cove with much violence, sometimes destroying the barges employed in loading the phosphate. During these storms, many birds of passage, moths, butterflies, and dragon-flies are driven ashore in an exhausted condition, evidently having been blown over from Java or some of its neighboring islands. But, strangely enough, few of these adventurers ever survive; they succumb to the ravages of the native rats, crabs, and birds. This curious freak of the northern winds suggests to science the method by which Christmas Island was originally clad with vegetation and populated with animals. Seeds were blown thither by the winds; the original rats may have come upon logs, roots, and vegetation torn away from other coasts and floated there in the storms. The sea-birds, of course, found this solitary spot a most congenial home, and it is Sir John Murray's theory that the extensive phosphate fields have resulted from the deposits of innumerable sea-birds when the island was only a few feet above the level of the sea, these deposits having changed the coral formation (carbonate of lime) into phosphate of lime.

Thus through the persevering interest of the scientist, the British flag flies over a new possession, and the world at large has been enriched by a hitherto-unknown store of phosphate which will assist in making fertile thousands of farms in every part of the world, thereby increasing the production of human food. Sir John Murray is fond of using this as an answer to those practical ones who see no sense in spending money for great scientific expeditions. This one little island will soon repay many times over the expense of that wonderful voyage of the "Challenger."

* Last winter Sir John Murray made an extended visit to Christmas Island. Upon his return, in April, 1901, he wrote to the author: "I very much enjoyed my visit to the island. I did not find the animals so tame about the settlement as reported by the earlier visitors. I visited nearly all parts of the island, and in the remoter places the animals have still no fear of man. The Chinamen climb up the trees, with a fishing-rod in hand, which has a string loop on the end, and pull down the pigeons sitting on the branches, one after another. If the loop is not passed over the head of the pigeon at the first attempt, it calmly waits until the second attempt is made. Nor does its neighbor pigeon fly away!

"The island is larger than at first reported. I was the first person to walk right from one end to the other. In doing so I lost my way, having missed a 'blaze' which the coolies said they had made in one direction for six miles. I had with me an engineer and six coolies. One coolie broke down, and we left him all the food, so that for supper we had to eat the tips of the sago-palms which we cut down. A long night of rain followed, uncomfortable, but very interesting. The ground was all phosphorescent, and we could see the crabs, rats, and one small snake creeping over these bright patches on the earth. The cries of the bats, the owls, and the pigeons, and the rustling of the rats and crabs among the dead leaves were all the noises we heard, although the people at the settlement were firing guns and beating gongs. At last daylight came, and after a breakfast of sago-palm tips we started again at five o'clock in the morning, compass in hand, and reached the settlement about noon. We propose to do a lot of work on the island this year in the way of wharves, roads, houses, saw-mills, etc."

THE TIPSTER.

By Edwin Lefèvre,

Author of "Wall Street Stories."

I.

GILMARTIN was still laughing professionally at the prospective buyer's funny story when the telephone on his desk buzzed. He said, "Excuse me for a minute, old man," to the customer—Hopkins, the Connecticut manufacturer.

"Hello; who is this?" he spoke into the transmitter. "Oh, how are you?—Yes—I was out—Is that so?—Too bad—too bad—Yes; just my luck to be out. I might have known it—Do you think so?—Well, then, sell the 200 Occidental common—You know best—What about Trolley?—Hold on?—All right; just as you say—I hope so—I don't like to lose, and—Ha! Ha!—I guess so—Good-by."

"It's my brokers," explained Gilmartin, hanging up the receiver. "I'd have saved $500 if I had been here at half-past ten. They called me up to advise me to sell out, and the price is off over three points. I could have got out at a profit, this morning; but, no sir, not I. I had to be away, trying to buy some camphor."

Hopkins was impressed. Gilmartin perceived it and went on, with an air of comical wrath which he thought was preferable to indifference: "It isn't the money I mind so much as the tough luck of it. I didn't make my trade in camphor after all, and I lost in stocks, when if I'd only waited five minutes more in the office I'd have got the message from my brokers and saved my five hundred. Expensive, my time is, eh?" with a woeful shake of the head.

"But you're ahead of the game, aren't you?" asked the customer interestedly.

"Well, I guess yes. Just about twelve thousand."

That was more than Gilmartin had made; but having exaggerated, he immediately felt very kindly disposed towards the Connecticut man.

"Whew!" whistled Hopkins admiringly. Gilmartin experienced a great tenderness towards him. The lie was made stingless by the customer's credulity. This brought a smile of subtle relief to Gilmartin's lips. He was a pleasant-faced, pleasant-voiced man of three-and-thirty. He breathed of health, contentment, neatness, and an easy conscience. Honesty and good nature shone in his eyes. People liked to shake hands with him. It made his friends talk of his lucky star, and they envied him.

"I bought this yesterday for my wife; took it out of a little deal in Trolley," he told Hopkins, taking a small jewel-box from one of the desk's drawers. It contained a diamond ring, somewhat showy, but obviously quite expensive. Hopkins's semi-envious admiration made Gilmartin add genially, "What do you say to lunch? I feel I am entitled to a glass of 'fizz' to forget my bad luck of this morning." Then, in an exaggeratedly apologetic tone, "Nobody likes to lose $500 on an empty stomach."

"She'll be delighted, of course," said Hopkins, thinking of Mrs. Gilmartin. Mrs. Hopkins loved jewelry.

"She's the nicest little woman that ever lived. Whatever is mine is hers; and what's hers is her own. Ha! Ha! Ha! But," becoming nicely serious, "all that I make out of the stock market I'm going to put away for her, in her name. She can take better care of it than I; and besides, she's entitled to it, anyhow, for being so nice to me."

That is how he told what a good husband he was. He felt so pleased over it that he went on, sincerely regretful, "She's visiting friends in Pennsylvania or I'd ask you to dine with us." And they went to a fashionable restaurant together.

Day after day Gilmartin thought persistently that Maiden Lane was too far from Wall Street. There came a week in which he could have made four very handsome "turns" had he but been in the brokers' office. He was out on business for his firm, and when he returned, the opportunity had gone, leaving behind vivid visions of

what might have been; also the conviction that time, tide, and the ticker wait for no man. Instead of buying and selling quinine and balsams and essential oils for Maxwell & Kip, drug brokers and importers, he decided to make the buying and selling of stocks and bonds his exclusive business. The hours were easy; the profits were great. He would make enough to live on. He would not let the Street take away what it had given. That was the great secret—to know when to quit! He would be content with a moderate amount, wisely invested in gilt-edged bonds. And then he would bid the Street good-by forever.

Force of long business custom and the indefinable fear of new ventures for a time fought successfully his increasing ticker fever. But one day his brokers wished to speak to him, to urge him to sell out his entire holdings, having been advised of an epoch-making resolution of Congress. They had received the news in advance from a Washington customer. Other brokers had important connections in the Capital, and therefore there was no time to lose. They dared not assume the responsibility of selling him out without his permission. Five minutes—five eternities!—passed before they could talk by telephone with him; and when he gave his order to sell, the market had broken five or six points. The news was "out." The news agencies' slips were in the brokers' offices and half of Wall Street knew. Instead of being among the first ten sellers, Gilmartin was among the second hundred.

II.

The clerks gave him a farewell dinner. All were there, even the head office-boy, to whom the two-dollar subscription was no light matter. The man who probably would succeed Gilmartin as manager, Jenkins, acted as toastmaster. He made a witty speech which ended with a neatly-turned compliment. Moreover, he seemed sincerely sorry to bid good-by to the man whose departure meant promotion—which was the nicest compliment of all. And the other clerks—old Williamson, long since ambition-proof; and young Hardy, bitten ceaselessly by it; and middle-aged Jameson, who knew he could run the business much better than Gilmartin; and Baldwin, who never thought of business in or out of the office—all told him how good he had been, and related corroborative anecdotes that made him blush and the others cheer; and how sorry they were that he would be with them no longer, but how glad that he was going to do so much better by himself; and they hoped he would not "cut" them when he met them after he had become a great millionaire. And Gilmartin felt his heart grow soft, and feelings not all of happiness came over him. Danny, the dean of the office-boys, whose surname was known only to the cashier, rose and said, in the tones of one speaking of a dear departed friend, "He was the best man in the place. He always was all right." Everybod, laughed; whereupon Danny went on, with a defiant glare at the others, "I'd work for him for nothin' if he'd want me, instead of gettin' ten a week from any one else." And when they laughed the harder at this, he said stoutly, "Yes, I would!" His eyes filled with tears at their incredulity, which he feared might be shared by Mr. Gilmartin. But the toastmaster arose very gravely and said, "What's the matter with Danny?" And all shouted in unison, "He's all right!" with a cordiality so heartfelt that Danny smiled and sat down, blushing happily. And crusty Jameson, who knew he could run the business so much better than Gilmartin, stood up—he was the last speaker—and began, "In the ten years I've worked with Gilmartin we've had our differences and—well—I—well—er—oh, curse it!" He walked quickly to the head of the table and shook hands violently with Gilmartin for fully a minute, while all the others looked on in silence. It was the way they too felt.

Gilmartin had been eager to go to Wall Street. But this leave-taking made him sad. The old Gilmartin who had worked with these men was no more and the new Gilmartin felt sorry. He had never stopped to think how much they cared for him nor, indeed, how very much he cared for them. He told them, very simply, he did not expect ever again to spend such pleasant years anywhere as at the old office; and as for his spells of ill temper—oh, yes, they needn't shake their heads; he knew he often was irritable—he had meant well and trusted they would forgive him. If he had his life to live over again he would try really to deserve all that they had said of him on this evening. And he was very, very sorry to leave them. "Very sorry, boys. Very sorry. *Very* sorry!" he finished lamely, with a wistful smile. He shook hands with each man—a strong grip, as though he were about to go on a journey from which he might never return—and in his heart there was a new doubt of

the wisdom of going to Wall Street. But it was too late to draw back.

They escorted him to his house. They wished to be with him to the last possible minute.

III.

Everybody in the drug trade seemed to think that Gilmartin was on the high road to fortune. Those old business acquaintances and former competitors whom he happened to meet in the street-cars or in the theatre lobbies always spoke to him as to a millionaire-to-be, in what they imagined was correct Wall Street jargon, to show him that they too knew something of the great game. But their efforts made him smile with a sense of superiority, at the same time that their admiration for his cleverness and their good-natured envy for his luck made his soul thrill joyously. Among his new friends in Wall Street, also, he found much to enjoy. The other customers—some of them very wealthy men—listened to his views regarding the market as attentively as he, later, felt it his polite duty to listen to theirs. The brokers themselves treated him as a "good fellow." They cajoled him into trading often—every one hundred shares he bought or sold meant $12.50 to them—and when he won, they praised his unerring discernment. When he lost, they soothed him by scolding him for his recklessness—just as a mother will treat her three-year-old's fall as a great joke in order to deceive the child into laughing at its misfortune. It was an average office with an average clientele.

THE FAREWELL DINNER.

From ten to three they stood before the quotation board and watched a quick-witted boy chalk the price-changes which one or another of the customers read aloud from the tape as it came from the ticker. The higher stocks went the more numerous the customers became, being allured in great flocks to the Street by the tales of their

friends who had profited greatly by the rise. All were winning, for all were buying stocks in a bull market. They resembled each other marvelously, these men who differed so greatly in cast of features and complexion and age. Life to all of them was full of joy. The very ticker sounded mirthful; its clicking told of golden jokes. And Gilmartin and the other customers laughed heartily at the mildest of stories without even waiting for the point of the joke. At times their fingers clutched the air happily, as if they actually felt the good money the ticker was presenting to them. They were all neophytes at the great game—lambkins who were bleating blithely to inform the world what clever and formidable wolves they were. Some of them had sustained occasional losses, but these were trifling compared with their winnings.

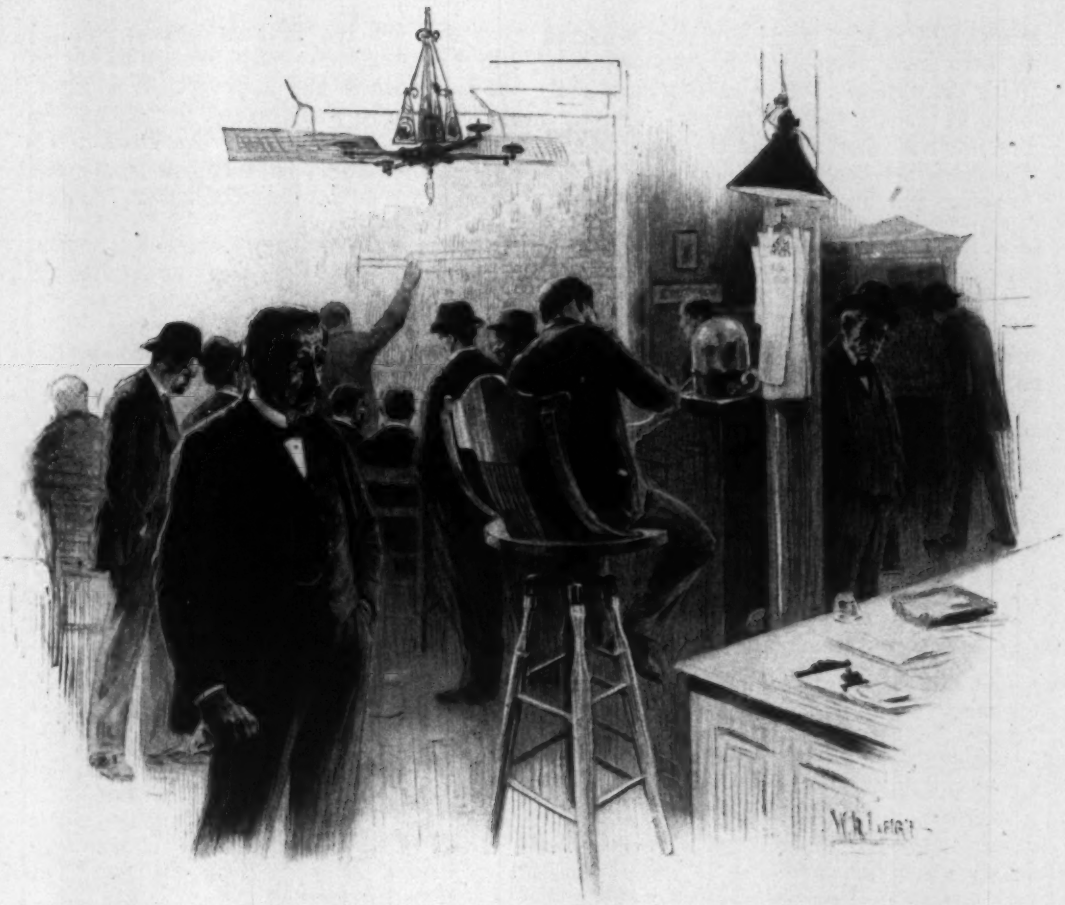
When the slump came, all were heavily committed to the bull side. It was a bad slump. It was so unexpected—by the lambs—that all of them said, very gravely, it came like a thunder-clap out of a clear sky. While it lasted—that is, while the shearing of the flock was proceeding—it was very uncomfortable. Those same joyous, winning stock-gamblers, with beaming faces, of the week before, were fear-clutched, losing stock-gamblers, with livid faces, on what they afterward called the day of the panic. It really was only a slump, rather sharper than usual. Too many lambs had been over-speculating. The wholesale dealers in securities—and insecurities—held very little of their own wares, having sold them to the lambs, and wanted them back now—cheaper. The customers' eyes, as on happier days, were intent on the quotation board. Their dreams were rudely shattered; the fast horses some had all but bought joined the steam yachts others had almost chartered. The beautiful homes they had been building were torn down in the twinkling of an eye. And the demolisher of dreams and dwellings was the ticker, that instead of golden jokes was now clicking financial death.

They could not take their eyes from the board before them. Their own ruin, told in mournful numbers by the little machine, fascinated them. To be sure, poor Gilmartin said, "I've changed my mind about Newport. I guess I'll spend the summer on my own *Hôtel de Roof!*" And he grinned; but he grinned alone. Wilson, the dry-goods man, who laughed so joyously at everbody's jokes, was now watching, as if under a hypnotic spell, the lips of the man who sat on the high stool beside the ticker and called out the prices to the quotation boy. Now and again Wilson's own lips made curious grimaces, as if speaking to himself. Brown, the slender, pale-faced man, was outside in the hall, pacing to and fro. All was lost, including honor. And he was afraid to look at the ticker, afraid to hear the prices shouted, yet hoping—for a miracle. Gilmartin came out from the office, saw Brown, and said, with sickly bravado, "I held out as long as I could. But they got *my* ducats. A sporting life comes high, I tell you." But Brown did not heed him, and Gilmartin pushed the elevator button impatiently and cursed at the delay. Not only had he lost the "paper" profits he had accumulated during the bull market, but all his savings of years had crumbled away beneath the strokes of the ticker that day. It was the same with all. They would not take a small loss at first, but had held on, in the hope of a recovery that would "let them out even." And prices had sunk and sunk until the loss was so great that it seemed only proper to hold on, if need be a year, for sooner or later prices must come back. But the break "shook them out," and prices went just so much lower because so many people had to sell, whether they would or not.

IV.

After the slump most of the customers returned to their legitimate business sadder, but, it is to be feared, not much wiser men. Gilmartin, after the first numbing shock, tried to learn of fresh opportunities in the drug business. But his heart was not in his search. There was the shame of confessing defeat in Wall Street so soon after leaving Maiden Lane; but far stronger than this was the effect of the poison of gambling. If it was bad enough to be obliged to begin lower than he had been at Maxwell & Kip's, it was worse to condemn himself to long weary years of work in the drug business when his reward, if he remained strong and healthy, would consist merely in being able to save a few thousands. But a few lucky weeks in the stock market would win him back all he had lost—and more.

He should have begun in a small way while he was learning to speculate. He saw it now very clearly. Every one of his mistakes had been due to inexperience. He had imagined he knew the market. But it was only now that he really knew it, and therefore it

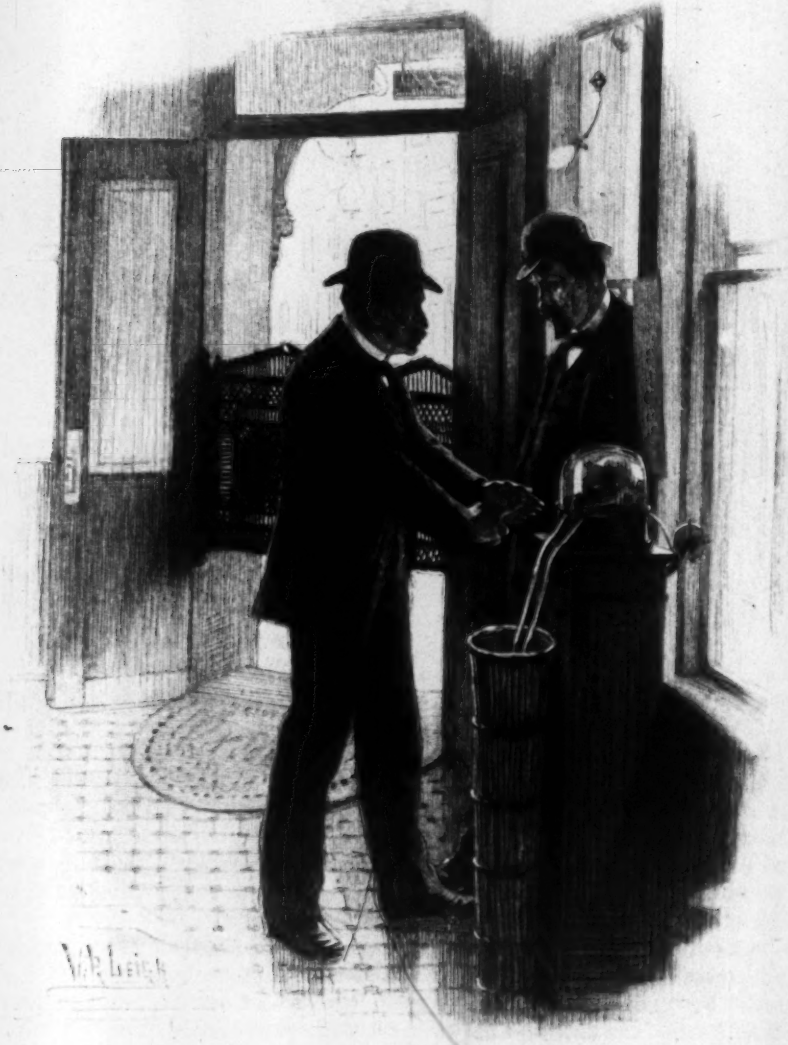


"AFRAID TO LOOK AT THE TICKER, AFRAID TO HEAR THE PRICES SHOUTED, YET HOPING—FOR A MIRACLE."

was only now, after the slump had taught him so much, that he could reasonably hope to succeed. His mind, brooding over his losses, definitely dismissed as futile the resumption of the purchase and sale of drugs, and dwelt persistently on the sudden acquisition of stock-market wisdom. Properly applied, this wisdom ought to mean much to him. In a few weeks he was again spending his days before the quotation board, gossiping with those customers who had survived, giving and receiving advice. And, as time passed, the grip of Wall Street on his soul grew stronger until it strangled all other aspirations. He could talk, think, dream of nothing but stocks. He could not read the newspapers without thinking how the market would "take" the news contained therein. If a huge refinery burned down, with a loss to the trust of $4,000,000, he sighed because he had not foreseen the catastrophe and had sold sugar short. If a strike by the men of the Suburban Trolley Company led to violence and destruction of life and property, he cursed an unrelenting fate because he had not had the prescience to "put out" a thousand shares of the stock. He constantly calculated to the last fraction of a point how much money he would have made if he had sold short just before the calamity at the very top prices and had covered his stock at the bottom. The atmosphere of the Street, the odor of speculation, surrounded him on all sides, enveloped him like a fog, through which the things of the outside world appeared as though seen through a veil. He lived in the district where men do not say, "Good morning," on meeting one another, but, "How's the market?" or, when one asks, "How do you feel?" receives for an answer, "Bullish!" or "Bearish!" instead of a reply regarding the state of health.

At first, after this fatal slump, Gilmartin importuned his brokers to let him speculate on credit, in a small way. They did. They

were kindly enough men and sincerely wished to help him. But luck ran against him. With the obsession of unsuperstitious gamblers he insisted on fighting fate. He was a bull in a bear market; and the more he lost the more he thought the inevitable "rally" in prices was due. He bought in expectation of it, and lost again and again, until he owed the brokers a greater sum than he could possibly pay; and they refused point blank to give him credit for another cent, disregarding his vehement entreaties to buy a last hundred, just one more chance—the last, because he would be sure to win. And, of course, the long-expected happened, and the market went up with a rapidity that made the Street blink; and Gilmartin figured that had not the brokers refused his last order, he would have made enough to pay off the indebtedness and have left, in addition, $2,950; for he would have "pyramided" on the way up. He showed the brokers his figures, accusingly, and they had some words about it, and he left the office, almost tempted to sue the firm for conspiracy with intent to defraud, but decided that it was "another of luck's stockdolagers," and let it go at that, gambler like.



"'I DON'T *THINK* IT'S GOING UP; I *KNOW* IT'S GOING UP!'"

When he returned to the brokers' office the next day, he began to speculate in the only way he could—vicariously. Smith, for instance, who was long of 500 St. Paul at 125, took less interest in the deal than did Gilmartin, who thenceforth assiduously studied

the news-slips and sought information on St. Paul all over the Street, listening thrillingly to tips and rumors regarding the stock, suffering keenly when the price declined, laughing and chirruping blithely if the quotations moved upward, exactly as though it were his own stock. In a measure it was as an anodyne to his ticker fever. Indeed, in some cases his interest was so poignant and his advice so frequent—he would speak of *our* deal—that the lucky winner gave him a small share of his spoils, which Gilmartin accepted without hesitation—he was beyond pride wounding—and promptly used to back some miniature deal of his own on the Consolidated Exchange or even in "Percy's," a dingy little bucket-shop, where they took orders for two shares of stock on a margin of one per cent.; that is, where a man could bet as little as two dollars.

Later, it often came to pass that Gilmartin would borrow a few dollars when the customers were not trading actively. The amounts he borrowed diminished by reason of the increasing frequency of their refusals. Finally, he was asked to stay away from the office where once he had been an honored and pampered customer.

He became a Wall Street "has been" and could be seen daily on New Street, back of the Consolidated Exchange, where the "put" and "call" brokers congregate. The tickers in the saloons nearby fed his gambler's appetite. From time to time luckier men took him into the same be-tickered saloons, where he ate at the free-lunch counters and drank beer and talked stocks and listened to the lucky winners' narratives with lips tremulous with readiness to smile and grimace. At times the gambler in him would assert itself, and he would tell the lucky winners wrathfully how the stock he wished to buy, but couldn't, the week before, had risen eighteen points. But they, saturated with their own ticker fever, would nod absently, their soul's eyes fixed on some quotation-to-be; or they would not nod at all, but in their eagerness to look at the tape from which they had been absent two long minutes, would leave him without a single word of consolation or even of farewell.

V.

One day in New Street he overheard a very well-known broker tell another that Mr. Sharpe was "going to move up Pennsylvania Central right away." The overhearing of the conversation was a bit of rare good luck that raised Gilmartin from his sodden apathy and made him hasten to his brother-in-law, who kept a grocery store in Brooklyn. He implored Griggs to go to a broker and buy as much Pennsylvania Central as he could—that is, if he wished to live in luxury the rest of his life. Sam Sharpe was going to put it up. Also, he borrowed ten dollars.

Griggs was tempted. He debated with himself for many hours, and at length yielded, with misgivings. He took his savings and bought one hundred shares of Pennsylvania Central at 64 and began to neglect his business in order to study the financial pages of the newspapers. Little by little Gilmartin's whisper set in motion within him the wheels of a ticker that printed on his day-dreams the mark of the dollar. His wife, seeing him preoccupied, thought business was bad; but Griggs denied it, confirming her worst fears. Finally he had a telephone put in his little shop, to be able to talk to his brokers.

Gilmartin, with the ten dollars he had borrowed, promptly bought ten shares in a bucket-shop at 63⅞; the stock promptly went to 62⅞; he was promptly "wiped," and the stock promptly went back to 64½.

On the next day a fellow customer of the Gilmartin of old days invited him to have a drink. Gilmartin resented the man's evident prosperity. He felt indignant at the ability of the other to buy hundreds of shares. But the liquor soothed him, and in a burst of mild remorse he said to Smithers, after an apprehensive look about him, as if he feared some one might overhear, "I'll tell you something, on the dead q. t., for your own benefit."

"Fire away."

"Pa. Cent. is going 'way up."

"Yes?" said Smithers calmly.

"Yes; it will cross par sure."

"Umph!" between munches of a pretzel.

"Yes. Sam Sharpe told"—Gilmartin was on the point of saying a "friend of mine," but caught himself and went on impressively—"told me yesterday to buy Pa. Cent., as he had accumulated his full line and was ready to whoop it up. And you know what Sharpe is," he finished, as if he thought Smithers was familiar with Sharpe's powers.

"Is that so?" nibbled Smithers.

"Why, when Sharpe makes up his mind to put up a stock, as he intends to do with Pa. Cent., nothing on earth can stop him. He told me he would make it cross par within sixty days. This is no hearsay; no tip. It's cold facts. I don't *hear* it's going

up; I don't *think* it's going up; I *know* it's going up. Understand?" And he shook his right forefinger with a hammering motion.

In less than five minutes Smithers was so wrought up that he bought 500 shares and promised solemnly not to "take his profits," *i.e.*, sell out, until Gilmartin said the word. Then they had another drink and another look at the ticker.

"You want to keep in touch with me," was Gilmartin's parting shot. "I'll tell you what Sharpe tells me. But you must keep it quiet," with a sidewise nod that pledged Smithers to honorable secrecy.

Had Gilmartin met Sharpe face to face he would not have known who was before him.

Shortly after he left Smithers he buttonholed another acquaintance, a young man who thought he knew Wall Street, and therefore had a hobby—manipulation. No one could induce him to buy stocks by telling him how well the companies were doing, how bright the prospects, etc. That was bait for "suckers," not for clever young stock operators. But any one, even a stranger, who said that "they"—the perennially mysterious "they," the "big men," the mighty "manipulators," whose life was one prolonged conspiracy to pull the wool over the public's eyes—"they" were going to "jack up" these or the other shares was welcomed and his advice acted upon. Young Freeman believed in nothing but "their" wickedness and "their" power to advance or depress stock values at will. Thinking of his wisdom had given him a chronic sneer.

"You're just the man I was looking for," said Gilmartin, who hadn't thought of the young man at all.

"Are you a deputy sheriff?"

"No." A slight pause, for oratorical effect. "I had a long talk with Sam today."

"What Sam?"

"Sharpe. The old boy sent for me. He was in mighty good humor, too. Tickled to death. He might well be—he's got 60,000 shares of Pennsylvania Central. And there's going to be from fifty to sixty points profit in it."

"H'm!" sniffed Freeman skeptically, yet impressed by the change in Gilmartin's attitude from the money-borrowing humility of the previous week to the confident tone of a man with a straight tip. Sharpe was notoriously kind to his old friends—rich or poor.

"I was there when the papers were signed," Gilmartin said hotly. "I was going to leave the room, but Sam told me I needn't. I can't tell you what it is about; really I can't. But he's simply going to put the stock above par. It's 64½ now, and you know and I know that by the time it is 75 the newspapers will all be talking about inside buying; and at 85 everybody will want to buy it on account of important developments; and at 95 there will be millions of bull tips on it and rumors of increased dividends, and people who would not look at it thirty points lower will rush in and buy it by the bushel. Let me know who is manipulating a stock, and hang dividends and earnings. Them's my sentiments," with a final hammering nod, as if driving in a profound truth.

"Same here," assented Freeman cordially. He was attacked on his vulnerable side.

Strange things happen in Wall Street. Sometimes tips come true. It so proved in this case. Sharpe started the stock upward brilliantly—the movement became historic in the Street—and Pa. Cent. soared dizzily, and all the newspapers talked of it, and the public went mad over it, and it touched 80 and 85 and 88 and higher, and then Gilmartin made his brother-in-law sell out, also Smithers and Freeman. Their profits were: Griggs, $3,000; Smithers, $15,100; Freeman, $2,750. Gilmartin made them give him a good percentage. He had no trouble with his brother-in-law. Gilmartin told him it was an inviolable Wall Street custom, and so Griggs paid, with an air of much experience in such matters. Freeman was more or less grateful. But Smithers met Gilmartin, and, full of his good luck, repeated what he had told a dozen men within the hour, "I did a dandy stroke the other day. Pa. Cent. looked to me like higher prices, and I bought a wad of it. I've cleaned up a tidy sum," and he looked proud of his own penetration. He really had forgotten that it was Gilmartin who had given him the tip. But not so Gilmartin, who retorted witheringly:

"Well, I've often heard of folks that you put into good things and they make money, and afterwards they come to you and tell how smart they were to hit it right. But you can't work that on me. I've got witnesses."

"Witnesses?" echoed Smithers, looking cheap. He remembered.

"Yes, wit-ness-es," mimicked Gilmartin scornfully. "I told you about it. I all but had to get on my knees to make you buy it. And I told you when to sell it, too. The in-

formation came to me straight from headquarters, and you got the use of it, and now the least you can do is to give me $2,500."

In the end he accepted $800. He told mutual friends that Smithers had cheated him.

VI.

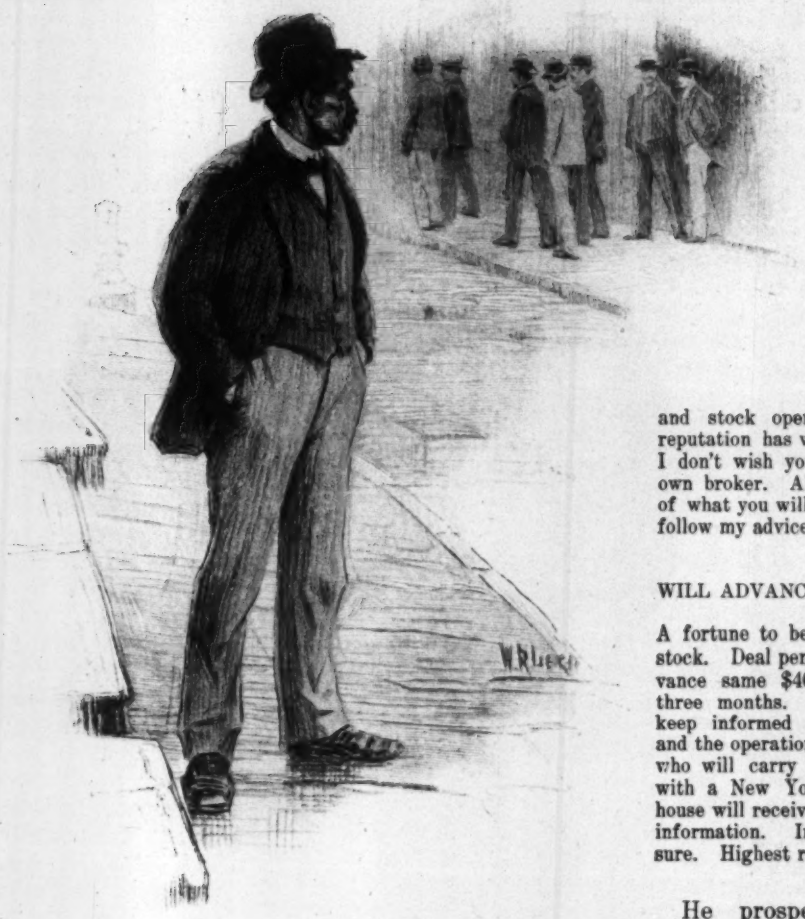
It seemed as though the regeneration of Gilmartin had been achieved when he changed his shabby raiment for expensive clothes. He paid his tradesmen's bills and moved into better quarters. He spent his money as though he had made millions. One week after he had closed out the deal his friends would have sworn Gilmartin had always been prosperous. That was his exterior. His inner self remained the same—a gambler. He began to speculate again, in the office of Freeman's brokers.

At the end of the second month he had lost not only the $1,200 he had deposited with the firm, but an additional $250 he had given his wife, and had been obliged to "borrow" back from her, despite her warning that he would lose it. This time the slump was really unexpected by all, even by the magnates—the mysterious and all-powerful "they" of Freeman's—so that the loss of the second fortune did not reflect on Gilmartin's ability as a speculator, but on his luck. As a matter of fact, he had been too careful, and had sinned from over-timidity at first, only to plunge later and lose all.

"ALWAYS IN HIS HEART . . . DWELT THE HOPE THAT SOME DAY . . . HE WOULD 'STRIKE IT RICH.'"

As the result of much thought about his losses, Gilmartin became a professional tipster. To let others speculate for him seemed the only sure way of winning. He began by advising ten victims—he learned in time to call them clients—to sell Steel Rod preferred, each man one hundred shares; and to a second ten he urged the purchase of the same quantity of the same stock. To all he advised taking four points profit. Not all followed his advice, but the seven clients who sold it made between them nearly $3,000 over night. His percentage amounted to $287.50. Six bought, and, when they lost, he told them confidentially how the treachery of a leading member of the pool had obliged the pool managers to withdraw their support from the stock temporarily, hence the decline. They grumbled, but he assured them that he himself had lost nearly $1,600 of his own on account of the traitor.

For some months Gilmartin made a fair living, but business became very dull. People learned to fight shy of his tips. The persuasiveness was gone from his inside news and from his confidential advice from Sharpe, and from his beholding with his own eyes the signing of epoch-making documents. Had he been able to make his customers alternate their winnings and losses, he might have kept his trade. But, for example, "Dave" Rossiter, in Stuart & Stern's office, stupidly received the wrong tip six



"HE LONGED TO RUSH TO HIS OLD ASSOCIATES, TO SPEAK TO THEM, . . . TO BE THE OLD GILMARTIN."

times in succession. It wasn't Gilmartin's fault, but Rossiter's bad luck.

At length, failing to get enough clients in the ticker district itself, Gilmartin was forced to advertise in an afternoon paper six times a week, and in the Sunday edition of one of the leading morning dailies. The advertisement ran like this:

WE MAKE MONEY

for our investors by the best system ever devised. Deal with genuine experts. Two methods of operating—one speculative, the other insures absolute safety.

NOW

is the time to invest in a certain stock for 10 points sure profit. Three points margin will carry it. Remember how correct we have been on other stocks. Take advantage of this move.

IOWA MIDLAND.

Big movement coming in this stock. It's very near at hand. Am waiting daily for word. Will get it in time. Splendid opportunity to make big money.

CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION.

Private secretary of banker and stock operator of world-wide reputation has valuable information. I don't wish your money. Use your own broker. All I want is a share of what you will surely make if you follow my advice.

WILL ADVANCE $40 PER SHARE.

A fortune to be made in a railroad stock. Deal pending which will advance same $40 per share within three months. Am in position to keep informed as to developments and the operations of a pool. Parties who will carry for me 100 shares with a New York Stock Exchange house will receive the full benefit of information. Investment safe and sure. Highest references given.

He prospered amazingly. Answers came to him from furniture dealers on Fourth Avenue, and dairymen up the State, and fruit growers in Delaware, and factory workers in Massachusetts, and electricians in New Jersey, and coal miners in Pennsylvania, and shopkeepers and physicians and plumbers and undertakers in towns and cities near and far. Every morning Gilmartin telegraphed to scores of people—at their expense—to sell, and to scores of others to buy the same stocks. And he claimed his commission from the winners.

Little by little his savings grew, and with them grew his desire to speculate on his own account. It made him irritable not to gamble.

He met Freeman one day in one of his dissatisfied moods. Out of politeness he asked the young cynic the universal query of the street: "What do you think of 'em?" He meant stocks.

"What difference does it make what *I* think?" sneered Freeman with proud humility. "I'm nobody." But he looked as if he did not agree with himself.

"What do you know?" pursued Gilmartin mollifyingly.

"I know enough to be long of Gotham Gas. I just bought a thousand shares at 180." He really had bought a hundred only.

"What on?"

"On information. I got it straight from a director of the company. Look here, Gilmartin, I'm pledged to secrecy. But for your own benefit I'll just tell you to buy all the Gas you possibly can carry. The deal is on. I know that certain papers were signed last night, and they are almost ready to spring it on the public. They haven't got all the stock they want. When they get it, look out for fireworks."

Gilmartin did not perceive any resemblance between Freeman's tips and his own. He said hesitatingly, as though ashamed of his timidity, "The stock seems pretty high at 180."

"You won't think so when it sells at 250. Gilmartin, I don't *hear* this; I don't *think* it; I *know* it!"

"All right; I'm in," said Gilmartin jovially. He felt a sense of emancipation now that he had made up his mind to resume his speculating. He took every cent of the $900 he had made from telling people the same things that Freeman told him now, and bought a hundred Gotham Gas at $185 a share. Also he telegraphed to all his clients to plunge in the stock.

It fluctuated between 184 and 186 for a fortnight. Freeman daily asseverated that "they" were accumulating the stock. But one fine day the directors met, agreed that business was bad, and, having sold out most of their own holdings, decided to reduce the dividend rate from the usual eight to six per cent. Gotham Gas broke seventeen points in ten short minutes. Gilmartin lost all he had. He found it impossible to pay for his advertisements. The telegraph companies refused to accept any more "collect" messages. This deprived Gilmartin of his income as a tipster. Griggs had kept on speculating, and had lost all his money and his wife's in a little deal in Iowa Midland. All that Gilmartin could hope to get from him was an occasional invitation to dinner. Mrs. Gilmartin, after they were dispossessed for non-payment of rent, left her husband and went to Newark to live with a sister, who did not like Gilmartin.

His clothes became shabby and his meals irregular. But always in his heart, as abiding as an inventor's faith in himself, there dwelt the hope that some day, somehow, he would "strike it rich" in the stock market.

One day he borrowed five dollars from a man who had made five thousand in Cosmopolitan Traction. The stock, the man said, had only begun to go up, and Gilmartin believed it, and bought five shares in "Percy's," his favorite bucket-shop. The stock began to rise slowly but steadily. The next afternoon "Percy's" was raided, the proprietor having disagreed with the police as to price.

Gilmartin lingered about New Street, talking with other customers of the raided bucket-shop, discussing whether or not it was a "put up job" of old Percy himself, who, it was known, had been losing money to the crowd for weeks past. One by one the victims went away, and at length Gilmartin left the ticker district. He walked slowly down Wall Street, then turned up William Street, thinking of his luck. Cosmopolitan Traction had certainly looked like higher prices. Indeed, it seemed to him that he could almost hear the stock shouting articulately, "*I'm going up right away, right away!*" If somebody would buy a thousand shares and agree to give him the profits on a hundred—on ten—on one!

But he had not even his carfare. Then he remembered that he had not eaten breakfast. It did him no good to remember it now. He would have to get his dinner from Griggs in Brooklyn.

"Why," Gilmartin told himself with a burst of curious self-contempt, "I can't even get a cup of coffee!"

He raised his head and looked about him to find how insignificant a restaurant it was in which he could not even get a cup of coffee. He had reached Maiden Lane. As his glance ran up and down the north side of that street it was arrested by the sign:

MAXWELL & KIP.

At first he felt but vaguely what it meant. It had grown unfamiliar with absence. The clerks were coming out. Jameson, looking crustier than ever, as though he were forever thinking how much better than Jenkins he could run the business; Danny, some inches taller, no longer an office-boy, but spick and span in a blue serge suit and a necktie of the latest style, exhaling health and correctness; Williamson, grown very

gray, and showing on his face thirty years of routine; Baldwin, happy as of yore at the ending of the day's work, and smiling at the words of Jenkins—Gilmartin's successor—who wore an air of authority, of the habit of command, which he had not known in the old days. Of a sudden Gilmartin was in the midst of his old life. He saw all that he had been, all that he might still be. And he was overwhelmed. He longed to rush to his old associates, to speak to them, to shake hands with them, to be the old Gilmartin. He was about to step towards Jenkins, but stopped abruptly. His clothes were shabby and he felt ashamed. But, he apologized to himself, he could tell them how he had made a hundred thousand and had lost it. And he even might borrow a few dollars from Jenkins.

Gilmartin turned on his heel with a sudden impulse and walked away from Maiden Lane quickly. All that he thought now was that he would not have them see him in his plight. He felt the shabbiness of his clothes without looking at them. As he walked, a great sense of loneliness came over him.

He was back in Wall Street. At the head of the Street was old Trinity; to the right the sub-Treasury; to the left the Stock Exchange.

From Maiden Lane to the Lane of the Ticker—such had been his life.

"If I could only buy some Cosmopolitan Traction!" he said. Then he walked forlornly northward to the great Bridge, on his way to Brooklyn to eat with Griggs, the ruined grocery-man.

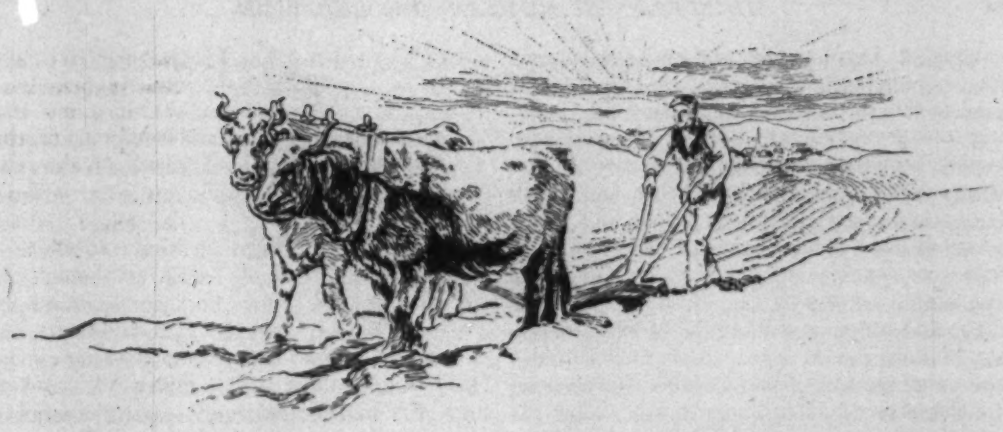
FOR EASE I PRAY NOT

By Mary Stewart Cutting,
Author of "The Bugle Call," "On the Field," etc.

For ease, for ease I pray not,
But the stir and strife
Of a soldier's life
I pray thee, Lord, delay not!

For I would march in the ranks—
My gun held over my shoulder—
I would march in the ranks
Or ever the day was older.
When the captain's sword-blade clanks
As he faces around to command,
And the dust arises in banks
With the tread of the tramping band,
There in the dust and heat,
There with the rallying drums,
Give me a place for my feet
Or ever the night-time comes!
Where the tide of the battle sets
(Before the long dirge croons),
Put me with the gleaming bayonets
In the rush of the gray platoons.
For I would fight in the ranks—
Only my right I covet—
God, give me my place in the ranks,
And the battle place above it!

For ease, for ease I pray not,
But to stand by right
In the thick of the fight
With the power to smite and stay not!



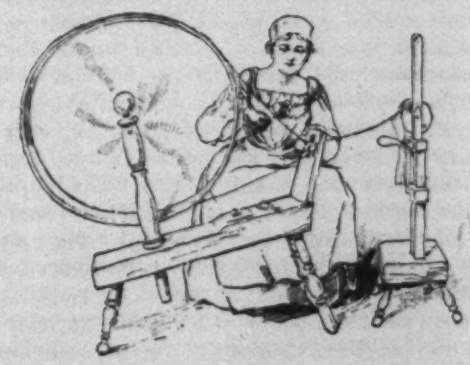
MARVELS OF MODERN PRODUCTION.

By George B. Waldron.

THE knitting-needle was our grandmother's badge of servitude. Wherever she went a set went with her, and scarcely was she seated before the bright steels began to flash under her swift fingers. She wound her yarn from the back of a chair or from grandfather's hands when he came courting, and took from twenty to forty hours of her busy life to knit a pair of stockings. To-day the work is done in the factory, and fifty people taking the materials through half-as-many processes turn out thirty-five hundred pairs of stockings in a day. Nine minutes of one person's labor completes a pair, which is two-hundred-and-fifty times as fast as with the knitting-needles.

This is in fine cotton. In woolen, the yarn being coarser, the hand-work is proportionally more rapid. Simply to keep the average family in socks and stockings for a year used to take the constant toil of one woman fifteen hours a day for a month. Think of the emancipation to woman's fingers where one person with modern machinery can do as much in only four hours!

And this saving is in knitting only. To card and spin the cotton and wool for the family foot-wear took a week additional under the hand methods, against less than two hours by modern processes. In the old days two "runs" or forty "knots" of woolen yarn were counted a day's work for a good spinner. One person with the modern spinning-machine will run off the same amount in ten minutes. The wool was combed out from the fleece and shaped with hand cards into long rolls for spinning. The modern carding-machine prepares fifty to a hundred times as much with the same work. The saving in carding of cotton is even more marked. One person to-day can tend as many as twenty-five machines, and under the most favorable conditions will do twenty-five-hundred times as much as with the old hand cards.



WOMAN has also been emancipated from weaving. Take, for example, the making of a roll of thirty yards of cotton sheeting. To prepare the yarn alone from the raw cotton

consumed two-hundred-and-seventy hours. One person with modern machinery accomplishes this in sixty-five minutes. The weaving took seventy hours more. The operative to-day, tending four looms, turns off the thirty yards in two hours. Cloth must have been used very sparingly in the old days, when at least eleven hours of hard toil went into every yard. A hundred yards were none too ample to supply the clothing, the bedding, and other household needs of the average family for a year. And this required the constant toil of one member for at least four months of fifteen-hour days. With the modern factory one person's work for fifteen hours at most will give the same results. Four months for the family supply of cloth, five weeks for the stockings and the socks! Nearly half one woman's time. The modern factory system has taken all this work out of the home and accomplishes it with two days of one operative's labor.

After the cloth is woven the garment is yet to be made. In the early days this work was done in the home, either by the women or by the tailoress who went from house to house. It took about five hours to cut and make the plainest garment, such as a pair of overalls. This is one woman's work for thirty minutes under the modern machine methods. A dozen or more garments to-day are cut out at once with cutting machines driven by steam or electricity, four buttons are riveted on in the time required to sew one on, and twenty button-holes are cut and worked by machinery in the time that one could be done by hand.

Elias Howe did a notable thing when he changed the eyelet of the needle to the point end and harnessed it to a wheel. Ordinary seams can be run up in a fifth to a tenth the time needed with needle and thimble and with far less labor. Attached to the electric-motor this speed can be doubled. In some operations, such as fine stitching on a shirt front or collar, the machine, which does its work fast as well as slowly, saves often sixty and seventy-fold. Once it took five hours to make a plain shirt. To-day, while from thirty to fifty people may unite in the making of a shirt, it is finished in thirty-five minutes. A pair of trousers formerly took ten hours' labor, while an hour's work in the up-to-date factory, divided among perhaps fifty people, turns out a pair. Once it took from twenty to forty hours to make a coat and seven to ten hours a vest. Modern methods produce these garments with a third the labor.

IN the primitive days the shoemaker, sitting at his bench, made the shoes of the village. Or perhaps he would travel from settlement to settlement in the thinly-populated districts, encountering choice sides of leather, kept for his coming, and leaving behind a trail of comfortably-shod feet. The shoemaker is no more, for the machine and the factory have driven him out, and only the cobbler remains. With hammer and awl it used to take a half-hour to peg the soles on a pair of rough boots or shoes. One man to-day with the pegging machine will do it in less than two minutes. Did a lady desire the luxury of sewed shoes, the hand worker would make them with awl, pincers, and thread in an hour. The McKay sewing-machine sews through the outsole, upper and insole in a single operation, and reduces the time from an hour to a minute. Two sewings are necessary to fasten the soles on a welt shoe, and a pair was done by hand in three hours, while one man with the Goodrich welt machine does twenty-five pairs in the same time. The uppers to-day are put together with the sewing-machine, and one person does the work that formerly required forty. The finished shoe has gone through a hundred-and-fifty distinct operations and under as many pairs of hands. The marvel of the shoe industry is that with the best appliances the work of one man for a single day will make the year's supply of shoes for a family. The primitive shoemaker took from one and a half to two weeks and turned out a poorer job.

IN the old days every farmhouse had its butter churn. Our grandmother worked her very life into the rich prints of yellow butter with which she used to tempt the appetite. With the straining and setting of the milk, the skimming and churning of the cream, and then the working, washing, and salting of the butter, each pound cost from twenty to thirty minutes of the hardest

toil. To-day the farmer takes his milk to the creamery, where a wheel, whirling hundreds of revolutions a minute, separates the cream; steam combination churns and butter workers prepare the butter for the market. Only one to two minutes of man's labor goes into each pound.

Machinery has done much to emancipate the farmer. In the old days he plowed his land with an ox-team, sowed his grain broadcast by hand, and covered the seed with a brush; it took him ten to twelve hours thus to prepare an acre. The wide-awake Western farmer of to-day attaches to a traction-engine half-a-dozen gangs of four plows each, with a seeder and harrow to each gang. As the engine moves forward it leaves a trail twenty feet wide of land sowed ready for the harvest. One man's work thus is worth that of twenty by the old methods.

FORMERLY the farmer reaped with a sickle and threshed with a flail. The modern self-binder and steam-thresher have multiplied the effectiveness of one man's labor forty to fifty-fold. In the fields of California a traction-engine will drive a machine that cuts, threshes, and sacks the wheat in one operation, covering a swath fifty feet wide. From the unplowed land to the harvested crop, with the best of modern machinery, the equivalent of one man's work for nine minutes will produce a bushel of wheat. Twenty times as much labor was required seventy years ago.

Corn planting under primitive hand methods required three processes: marking the rows, and dropping and covering the seeds. The modern planter does all three at once and in less than a tenth the time. He harvests his corn with a self-binding harvester in a third the time required by the sickle. The husking-bee is an institution of the past. Then it took one man's work for seventy to eighty hours to husk an acre and to cut up by hand the stalks for fodder. The two operations to-day are combined in one by steam power and completed with less than a twentieth the labor. Once the corn was shelled with a cob or across the edge of a shovel, and it took an hour and a half of one man's work to shell a bushel. With the modern steam-sheller he will do over a hundred bushels in the same time. From plowing to corn shelling one man with the best of modern machinery does the work of seven men fifty years ago.

Barren enough were the two or three-room homes of the primitive days. The rough board floors were usually uncovered, except the sacred front room, which was sanded in fancy patterns, or occasionally covered with a rag carpet which cost so much labor that only the more ambitious indulged in the luxury. The rags were cut from pieces of old garments gathered through many years of saving. The warp was prepared in the home by hand cards and spinning wheel and the family loom wove the carpet. It took from four to five months of continuous toil for one woman to prepare the rags and warp for fifty yards of rag carpet. The weaving alone, the smallest part of the making, took forty hours; the modern loom does the work in a fifth of the time. A yard of Brussels carpet comes from the power loom every twelve minutes, and a yard of velvet carpet every ten minutes. The hand loom took eight times as long to do the same work.

HOW was it with the furniture? Take an ordinary wooden chair, used in the kitchen to-day, but the choice possession of the frugal housewife of sixty years ago. Then the chief labor-saving machines were the lathe and the saw, driven by water-power. Even with these it took an expert four to five hours to make a chair. One man's work for forty minutes turns out as good an article in the modern factory. A cane-seated chair took about eight hours' work by hand. It is made in the factory with less than seventy minutes' labor. The cheapest kind of a rocking-chair with cane seat required sixteen hours to make a half century ago. Seven are turned out of the up-to-date factory with the same work.

Similar saving has been effected in other furniture. Formerly it took ten hours' work to make a very plain kitchen table, and forty hours for a cheap bedstead. Better articles come from the factory with a seventh the labor. A plain bureau cost ten to twenty

hours' work by hand, and a wash-stand eight to fifteen hours. Only a quarter as much labor goes into better pieces in the up-to-date factory.

Take some of the most common household necessities, such as a match or a pin. Fifty years ago matches were made by hand. Under the expert fingers of that day two people could make and put up two hundred matches in boxes in a minute—a wonderful performance considering that the only tools were the match plane and the lever knife. The modern match-making machine, requiring also two workers, automatically cuts the wood into splints, puts the completed matches into boxes, a hundred to a box, and a box drops from the machine every second. One person's work for a day produces now two million matches, while in former times it produced only sixty thousand.

Adam Smith, the famous economist, a century and a quarter ago held up the pin industry as an example of the benefit of minute division of labor. It was a marvel to him that one man's work in a day turned out forty-eight hundred pins. At that time pin making was a tedious operation. The wire, after being straightened, was cut into pin lengths, the point was ground down by a file, and the head put on separately with a coil of wire closed over the end of the shank and flattened down with a foot-press. The pins were stuck into papers with a clamp by hand. In the modern pin factory the work from wire to paper is done entirely by automatic machinery. A wire-straightener prepares the wire in a fortieth of the time required by the old hand process. The pin-machine automatically cuts the wire and puts on the pin-heads and points. One person tends twelve of these machines and turns out in all a million pins a day.

Extensive improvements have been made in clock making since the days when the workman toiled with painful exactness to cut out each part by hand. The movements of eight clocks are completed with the labor formerly required for one. In making certain parts the gains are much larger. Once it took a hundred times as long to make the pillars, a hundred and fifty times as long to make the staples for the click-springs, over two-hundred times as long for the ratchets, over four-hundred times for the pendulum stud, and over five-hundred times as long for the guard-pins.

Even wider differences appear in watch making, the completed watch taking about thirty times as much work to make under the old processes. There is a gain of over a hundred-fold in such operations as making ratchet-caps, click-spring screws, and minute-hands; over two hundred-fold in making hour and second-hands and minute-wheels; over three hundred-fold in completing third, fourth, and center-wheels; over five hundred-fold in punching from sheet brass the barrel-bridge; nearly seven hundred-fold in punching pillar and top-plates, and over two thousand-fold in punching balance-cocks. As many as a thousand different operations enter into the making of one stem-winding watch, yet the equivalent of one man's work for eight or nine hours will make the movements, and three or four hours more—twelve hours in all—will enclose the works in a gold case.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S hatchet, of cherry-tree fame, was doubtless a crude implement in comparison with those that leave the modern factory. Two or three hours' labor at forge and anvil were required to make it, against only twenty minutes' work with the machinery of to-day. Once it took six or seven hours' work to make and hang an ax. Now, the labor of fifty minutes, which may be divided among a hundred and fifty people, completes one tool. Four to eight hours' work by hand was required to make a hammer. The factory of to-day turns out thirty with the same labor. The butcher knife with its six inches of murderous steel once took five hours' work, against only ten minutes to-day. In making files the principal work is cutting the teeth, which was formerly done by hand and the distances gaged simply by fineness of touch. The modern tooth-cutting machine accomplishes it with more uniformity in a sixth the time.

The common nail is an excellent illustration of the difference between the old and the new methods. Formerly the metal was cut into strips and then forged into shape with the hammer, and the expert took about one-and-a-half minutes for each nail. To-day they are made of steel and are lighter and stronger. Strips are cut with steam shears and fed into automatic nail-machines. One man tends three machines, each machine dropping a nail every second. He turns out a hundred-pound keg of nails in less than

two hours, a work that once would have taken him twice as many weeks.

Our grandfathers with only the simplest tools required from twenty to thirty minutes to make a screw. With the machinery of to-day one person's work makes twenty in the same time. A notable contrast is found in cutting screw posts. With the old hand tools it took an average of seven to eight minutes to make each post. To-day one person, tending twelve machines, turns off nine posts every second, more than four thousand times as rapidly.

We commiserate our ancestors because of the rough simplicity of their houses. Be it remembered, however, that in the making of our own dwellings we have had the use of saw-mill and planing-mill machinery that has reduced the work of cutting and finishing lumber literally from hours to minutes. Sash, doors, and blinds come ready-made from the factory completed with a tenth the labor by hand. It used to take three or four times as much work to make the brick, and quarry and dress the stone. Five hundred marble blocks are sawed by machine in the time of one by hand. There is a gain of ten to twenty-fold in preparing paints, and of ten to fifty-fold in iron piping and plumbers' supplies.

THE fifteenth century gave the world the printing-press, but it remained for the nineteenth to distribute its benefits widely among the people. Type-setting by hand has survived even down to the present, though machines are rapidly driving out hand work. The operator on a linotype machine manipulates a board something like the keys of a typewriter, while the machine produces lines of type automatically spaced and solidly cast ready for the page. An expert will take about an hour and a half to set up a thousand ems of type by hand, one man with the machine does it in less than nine minutes. Add the time needed to care for the machine, furnish power, and do the overseeing, and the ratio on plain work is still eight or nine-fold in favor of the modern method.

Franklin's press, requiring two men, did good work if it printed a thousand four-page papers in twelve hours. A modern quadruple press will print and fold a thousand copies of a paper four times as large in only three minutes. The newspaper office of to-day takes a hundred people to turn off an edition of half a million forty-eight-page papers in seven hours, which is over eight pages a second for each person. The same number of people, working seventy hours a week on the old hand presses, would have required five months to do the work, or two hundred times as many hours.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE itself presents a striking illustration of the results of modern improvements. Twenty-eight machines and eighty people were employed in printing and binding this issue. Careful work of this kind cannot be rushed off like a newspaper, yet so efficient is the almost human intelligence of the automatic machines used that only one and three-quarter minutes of human labor printed and bound the copy you hold. It would have required one and a quarter hours' work to have done the same by the old hand processes. The present force of eighty people, printing on the old presses, and folding and binding by hand, could not have turned off this month's issue alone in less than three years. And to complete the edition within the month, as required by modern conditions, would have taken an establishment of one thousand presses and an army of thirty-three hundred people. Two hours after the magazine leaves the New York office it is in Philadelphia; with the stage-coach it would have taken two days. Only four days are required to deliver a copy thirty-five hundred miles away at San Francisco; before the time of the railroad it would have been twice as many months on the way.

THE MISSION OF KITTY MALONE.

By Kate M. Cleary,
Author of "The Stepmother."

My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Shakspere.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them, but when they were grown,
They spread out their wings to fly!
Jean Ingelow.

IT was the Tuesday before Thanksgiving Day.

"'Tis goin' out ye are, Kitty?"

There was nothing in the weak old voice to make Kitty start as she did. She hesitated in her task of pinning her rusty shawl around her thin shoulders.

"I was that same," she admitted cheerfully. "'Tis a beautiful day entirely. The —the walk 'ud do me good," she supplemented hastily.

"Faith, no doubt of that. Ye've been kep' in the house pretty clost with that long pneumony of mine. Will ye be gone long, alanna?"

There was apprehension in the look Mrs. Malone bent on the white head stooping towards the little sheet-iron stove. When she spoke it was in a manner at once airy and reassuring. "Sure, 'tis quite a step to market, Dennis. I think I'll be goin' to the farthest wan. They do be havin' things there more raisonable-like. It," she paused, the thought of a sin to be confessed at her Christmas "duty" flashing across her mind, "it's—our Thanksgivin' dinner I'm goin' to—get!" she concluded.

"I wouldn't be afther buyin' anythin' exthravagant, Kitty," counseled Dennis Malone. He sat huddled forward in the pitiful inertia of age and physical lassitude. "The docther an' medicines must have took a heap of our

savin's. I—wouldn't buy what might be called luxuriant, so to spake."

"I won't, Dennis!" promised Kitty. She was tying her plain little bonnet on her sleek old head. "You can thrust me for that!" she added with what seemed unnecessary fervor. "I—I won't!"

She did not leave the room at once. She stood behind him, trembling, cowering, irresolute, a queer agitation convulsing her worn and wrinkled countenance. She looked with blinking eyes at the stooped form in the rocker, then around the room—the barest, poorest, shabbiest, cleanest little room! The grime of a generation of objectionable tenants had been scrubbed out of the rough boards by Kitty's energetic hands. These same busy hands had polished the few chairs, and made shining the one small window, and kept immaculate the furnishings of the bed in the corner, and fashioned the bright patchwork spread thereon, and prepared the little luncheon—plain and meager enough for a convalescent—which was set forth on a little table drawn beside the old man's chair.

"It may happen," she declared, speaking hurriedly, as though the possibility had just occurred to her, "that I mayn't be back for a—for a rale good bit, Dennis. 'Tis thinkin' I am of goin' over to see Nora, if 'twould be safe to lave you that long." Then, as she felt his eyes turn slowly in her direction with a sort of questioning surprise, "I—I'm afther hearin' Mary Ellen ain't as well as she might be, an'——"

"Eh—Mary Ellen!" His tone was vibrant with anxiety. "Is Mary Ellen sick?"

"Not to mention," Mrs. Malone hastened to assert. She was wishing she had not chosen his favorite grandchild to afflict. "Only a little—a weeny bit quare-like." She picked up a basket near, and edged towards the door. There she paused, gripping the basket until her knuckles showed white, a slow, distressed flush staining the pale saffron of her cheek. "So—you won't mind if I don't get home for a couple of hours—eh, Dennis?" She broke off. She was swallowing hard. Dennis looked up—met full the eager, penetrating intensity of her gaze. He forced a valiant smile to his bloodless lips. His eyes narrowed into an expression of quizzical leniency. The unfailing courage of his race rang in the kind old voice.

"'Tis fine I'll be goin' on, plaze God. Do be steppin' along now, Kitty woman! Don't be afther givin' me airy a thought. Sure, the stren'th is comin' back in me to bate anythin' ye ever dramed of. An' what with this illigant lunch—the bit o' bacon, an' the cheese, an' the crackers—not to talk of the tay on the stove ferninst me—why, it's good enough for the President, Kitty. With the ould blanket on me shouldthers, an' all an' all, it's like I'll dthrop asleep after I've said my decade. I won't be lookin' for ye till 'tis past noon. Now don't stand thriflin' woman, dear. Gwan! But," his piping voice followed her out of the door, "I wouldn't be gettin' a—a luxuriant dinner, so to spake, Kitty!"

Mrs. Malone, skurrying along one of the poor streets that lie south of Van Buren and east of Blue Island Avenue, almost fell over the tattered figure of a boy who seemed to have sprung from the ground at her very feet.

"Wisha, where are ye hurryin' to, Mrs. Malone? Is it worse himself is?"

"No—no, Patsy Heffernan. 'Tis—'tis goin' to my juty I am——"

"*Himself.*"

"An' lavin' the church behind ye!" he cried incredulously. "Father Flynn ain't a-hearin' on the river, I'm thinkin'!" Patsy was a merciless inquisitor. Mrs. Malone withered under his frank doubt of her veracity.

"Patsy," she entreated, "you run to the house—do now! I wouldn't inconvayniance ye, but it's ye's the most accomadatin' bye in the parish. If ye'd but be waitin' around kind of disthracted like to see if himself wants anythin' afore I get back——"

Patsy's freckled hatchet face looked out from its furze-bush of straight, bleached hair with suddenly awakened interest. "What'll ye give me if I do?" he demanded.

"Glory be!" ejaculated Mrs. Malone. She stood staring helplessly at the shabby young Celtic Shylock, who, with his overgrown frame bent forward, his feet in the broken boots turned toes inward, his hands thrust in his pockets, and his ragged arms akimbo, awaited her answer with ravenous expectancy. "Why—Patsy, bye—" She was fumbling at the waist of her gown. Suddenly she desisted. If she had money at the bank—or anywhere else, for the matter of that—would she be bent on her present mission? Would she be tramping these many weary blocks? "Glory be!" she said again.

There really was nothing more to say. Patsy's rapacious expression became merged in a bored frown. "Mebbe it's goin' to the the-ayter ye are. Hope ye won't be late." He cast a sharp glance at the basket. Involuntarily Mrs. Malone jerked it behind her back, but it was too big to escape notice. "I won't kape ye any longer romancin', ma'm!" With which Parthian shot young Mr. Heffernan took himself away.

Trembling, little Mrs. Malone looked after him. "Musha now, the gossoon hasn't got the heart of a herrin'! An' the way he looked at the basket. Wethen now, I wondther did he suspicion anythin'?" She bent her spare little body against the rancorous east wind and hastened on. "Sure, if I cud make up me mind to go to Thomas—but he hasn't only all his own to kape, but

"'That long pneumony.'"

his wife's ould aunt as well. Then there's Nora. But she don't know the last cent's gone, an' it would scald the heart of her to think of us nadin'—she's that tindther, the crathur! Malachi—he'd be free with his money—if he had enny. But 'twas never a dime he cud hould in his pocket no matther how much he airnt. An' Daylia, that's cook on the North Side—" She walked less rapidly. Her head drooped meditatively. Was it possible she might let Delia know of their straits? Was it in her direction lay relief—reprieve? But as suddenly as it had come the gleam in the faded eyes flickered out. Delia had been saving to buy an automobile-coat and a feather-boa. Delia always had been stylish. And it was grand Delia looked, to be sure, when she was dressed up. No, it would never do to appeal to Delia. If only Rody were at home! Rody, the gay, loving, hard-working young fellow, who would never let her or his father suffer! But he had gone off to the Philippines this many a month back. Was he alive or dead? Sure 'twas a sad world it was! "Arrah, 'tis nothin' of the sort!" she told herself with sudden energy. "Isn't it ashamed of yerself ye are to be paradin' along like a hin on a rainy day—now runnin' a bit an' then sthoppin' entirely? Go on wid ye!" she adjured herself sternly. "Go—" She stopped short as a massive form loomed up before her—as a broad, roseate countenance beamed down upon her.

"'It's like I'll dthrop asleep.'"

"Mrs.—Mrs. Comisky!" she murmured. She had long known Mrs. Comisky for "a dacint woman." They both belonged to the Married Ladies' Sodality. They had been neighbors when the Malones lived in a brick house. Their children had gone to the same parochial school.

"'Tis me," corroborated Mrs. Comisky. She wore a cloth skirt and a coat of electric seal plush. From a fur collarette a cataract of bushy heads and tails dangled over her capacious bosom. On her hat a long-beaked green bird perched in a grove of aspiring, if rigid, ostrich feathers. The vigorous hand she extended to Mrs. Malone was gorgeously draped in a glove of purple kid. "'Tis a month o' Sundays since I set eyes on you," she went on. "I heard Dennis was took rale bad some weeks back. Better, is he? That's good. You're not lookin' very well, yourself. I've been down to visit my niece Maria. 'Tis twins—an' the christenin' is to be fit for a Roosian. But where might you be goin', Mrs. Malone? You're not walkin' down town?"

She looked down on the miserable little creature in the scant black gown, the worn black shawl, the insufficient bit of head-covering. She noticed the empty basket. She saw, too, that the old face was ghastly—that the thin lips were quite blue—that the old eyes were blinking fast.

"I—I was goin' to—to do some shoppin'!" faltered Kitty Malone.

Now Mrs. Comisky, for all her ponderosity and apparent obtuseness, could see through a stone wall as well as any one. This was not the first time she had known a neighbor to slip timorously towards the city, carrying an empty basket. But she had not dreamed things had come to such a pass with the once "aisy" Malones.

"An awful nuisance the shoppin' one must be doin'," she remarked carelessly. She was looking over Kitty's head at some object which interested her. "I spent every last dollar Tim give me except fifty cents. I'm goin' to stop into his saloon on me way home. 'Tis lucky I met with ye if 'tis only

"'*What'll ye give me if I do?*'"

the half dollar I got left. This long time I've been sayin' to Tim I must pay you for that hin. 'Tis on me conscience when I go to confession the first Thursday of every month." Her hearty laugh sounded pleasantly. "So here 'tis—an' wishin' it was five dollars I owed you—I do now!"

"What—what hin?" whispered Kitty Malone.

"Och, hear the woman now!" Mrs. Comisky was appealing to a striped barber's pole nearby. "The black wan, to be sure! The wan you let me have to make broth for Leo when you lived in the brick house. 'Tis like you to be forgettin' it!" She thrust the coin into Kitty's cold little claws of hands. "Take a car—do now! You'll find the shops most illegant. Good afternoon to you, ma'm!" Then Mrs. Comisky's gown was flopping after her in a way she considered decidedly stylish, and Kitty Malone was shaking her head over the money in a dazed attempt to recall the debt.

"Glory be to God! What hin? I don't mind lettin' her have enny black wan—no, nor a white wan! But she never looked at the basket. Sure now, I'll stop stewing meself about it! 'Twas the saints sent it— Glory be—" She broke off in sudden horror, the reverential rapture with which she had accepted the miracle worked in her behalf suddenly blotted out. "It were never the saints—never! What 'ud they have to do with a woman who tould all the black lies I did this day? Three to Dinny!" She checked them off on her fingers. "Wan to Patsy Heffernan—an' wan to Mrs. Comisky—oh, wirrasthrue! What kind of a pinnance won't Father Flynn be afther layin' on me! Five decades maybe—wan for aich—or the stations it might be! Me poor sowl!"

Never loomed Bastille before a prisoner as frowned the grim gray wall of the building wherein is located the County Agent's office before the shrinking gaze of Kitty Malone. Never did feet more reluctant creep up the dirty stone steps into the dreary, many-angled room, with its whitewashed walls based by a deep band of slate-colored paint, its two slate-colored benches, its pillars of the same dismal hue. Never did heart sink sodden in a woman's breast as sank hers when, in obedience to a motion from the policeman on duty, to whom she had whispered her street and number, she crept to the foot of one of the waiting lines of applicants. There were three of these lines of

"*Decidedly stylish.*"

depressed, patient people—men, women, and children. Restricting and dividing each line were rails of the universal dingy shade that emphasized the melancholy atmosphere of the place. A sign on the window to the right caught her eye:

BURIALS.

DOCTOR CALLS.

No patients sent to Dunning on Thursday.

Dunning! She shuddered at the word. Surely she and Dennis need never go there! Something would turn up! Rody might come home! But if any one were to see her here—now! What if the fact that she had applied for relief were to get abroad in "the parish"! What—a voice recalled her: It was her turn at the window.

"Name?" asked the voice in a strong foreign accent.

She found herself looking up at a thin, middle-aged man, with penetrating eyes, a brownish mustache, and an expression of keen intelligence. Her name! She cast a terrified look around. The applicants to the rear were paying no attention to her. The greater number carried yellow cards, more or less crumpled and dirty. The man behind the window spoke again.

"She paused, gripping the basket"

"Catherine," she answered huskily—"Catherine Malone."

"Ever received aid from the county before?"

"No—oh, no, sir!"

"Got help from—" He rattled off the names of half a dozen philanthropic and benevolent societies.

"Never, sir."

"Married—widow—single—deserted?"

"Married this forty-nine year to Dennis Malone, sir."

"How many children? Sex—married—employed—live at home?"

"Seven—five livin' here—two above, sir. Three married, that has all they can do to care for their own. Wan workin' to kape herself. Wan in the Philippines, sir."

Would the questions never cease? A queer blackness came in fragmentary clouds before her. She had eaten no breakfast. There had been only enough to leave for Dennis. Involuntarily she put out her hand—clutched at the ledge to steady herself. Suppose she were to be taken sick here, and it was put in the paper! It would kill Dennis. It would break Nora's heart. Delia could never hold up her head again! She must keep her dreadful secret! Still questions—questions! She answered them as best she could. Her age, her husband's, their nationality, the cause of their distress.

"That's all." The man looked up from his writing. "A visitor will call to investigate. That's all now."

Then Kitty found herself outside the wooden paling. A stream of people were surging across the room to another window on the opposite side—a window behind which barrels and boxes, sacks and bundles, all containing necessaries of life, rose in a mighty pile straight up to the ceiling. The portly policeman took pity on her bewilderment.

"You'll be around to-morrow," he assured her cheerfully. "Visitor will get to your place to-day. He'll give you a ticket. Come in to-morrow."

She did not know how she got out on Clinton Street. She was buffeting her way back, her empty basket dangling on her arm, and in her heart deep disappointment—a bitter despair. She did not know that, had she stated how immediate was their necessity for relief, she need not have waited for help until after the formal investigation. Now her only wild desire was to get back before the visitor arrived—to make sure Dennis would not grasp the import of that humili-

ating visitation. Surely, surely folks were prosperous this year! Surely this was to be a grand Thanksgiving! She could not remember ever having dodged so many dangling turkeys before the doors of the butcher shops. And what pumpkins—golden as the sun sinking down a yellow disk of flame behind her own Tipperary mountains! And plump ducks, and pink-fleshed loins of pork, and chickens, and fruit, and all tempting viands. The smell from the bakeries turned her faint as she hastened on. There was hot bread in this one—there, that was gingerbread!—and coffee—and tea. If there was but a wee pinch of tea at home! She had walked the whole way back—she was near their poor dwelling before she remembered that tightly clenched in her hand she held the fifty cents Mrs. Comisky had given her for the black hen of elusive memory.

"It was her turn at the window."

"Glory be!" she cried, "an' me to be complainin'! Me—that's got a han'ful o' silver." But suddenly she knit her brows craftily—walked more slowly. It was with much deliberation that she made some purchases. Meat was one. She knew that except to the families of old soldiers no meat was furnished to the poor by the county. She took with her only two ounces of tea and a loaf of bread. She would come for the rest, she said, after dark. It would not do to have forty cents' worth of food in the house when the man sent to investigate should call. The ten cents would permit her to ride on the morrow. She gripped it hard as she hastened out of the store, her precious packages under her arm. She almost brushed against a young woman who was coming towards her.

"Mary Alice Ryan," she cried, "an' how is Larry?"

A pale and woe-begone face, framed in a black shawl which was held under the chin by a bony hand, looked down on her.

"Bad, Mrs. Malone. He screams dreadful with the pain. The doctor says the kind of hip-disease he has can't be cured. It's hard—for a boy that's been as strong as any in the parish. If he had things to play with like rich boys—" The mother's voice broke there.

"An'—an' ain't he?" The dime was burning Kitty Malone's palm.

"Some empty spools—a tin can—the cover of a picture book. That's all."

It was just then that a whistle rent the air—just then that a man went by.

"Gimme a red wan!" cried Mrs. Malone. "You tie that to Larry's wrist, an' let him fly it. Wisha, woman, don't ye be for bawlin'! What's the nickels for, anyways, if the childther ain't to get the good of 'em! A bit of a b'lloon, indade!" And Kitty skurried off with a gesture of magnificent scorn for that which the master called "trash."

She found the fire out and Dennis asleep. He had managed to crawl over to the bed. He was still sleeping when the man sent from the County Agent's made his appearance. He looked sharply around the bare, orderly room, opened drawers and bins, scrutinized the small black heap in the coal-box, asked a lot more questions, all of which Kitty insisted on answering outside the little ramshackle house lest "himself" should hear, and finally gave Kitty a yellow ticket which she was to present for "single rations."

It is the first step that counts. Kitty found her second deception less difficult than her first. She had stayed with Nora the previous day. She had not gone to market. Yes, Mary Ellen was quite recovered. And now, sure she must be off if they were to have a bite of Thanksgiving dinner at all, at all!

"Ye won't be exthravagant, Kitty?" he again implored. "We can't have over much left in the bank. A bit o' bacon now——"

"'Twas meself was thinkin' a bit o' bacon 'ud be rale tasty!" she agreed eagerly. "Turkey's that ondigestible!"

"'Tis now. An' it's never meself cud

"She found the fire out and Dennis asleep."

get to likin' them sour cranberries. A biled potaty an' a bit o' cabbage——"

"Sure, what more cud the Prince o' Wales ask?" demanded Kitty Malone.

That day she duly presented her yellow ticket at the window marked "South-West." She, too, received her coal check, and the "single rations" which were her due. Could she carry them all home? The flour was unwieldy. She had made a public demand —she had asked for and received charity for the first time in all her cheerful, uncomplaining, hard-working, heroic old life. And the knowledge stung her. Her thin cheek was crimson. Her faded eyes had a strange glitter. She had begged—she! And she knew if it were to save Dennis from suffering she would do it again. What would her children say if they knew! Thomas, who was mail-carrier; Nora of the scant possessions and tender heart; Delia, who was a credit to the family when she came to see them, wearing her best clothes; Malachi, who would give if he had it—to any one, for the matter of that; and Rody—the baby of the family, "the best of the bunch!" as Dennis put it. She —their mother—had disgraced them all! A rush of tears blinded her.

"Look out!" "Get out of there!" "Hi!" "You'll be—" "There—she's down!"

She was crossing the street when the shrill Babel of cries assailed her. Startled, confused, she stood still. The delay was fatal. The next instant the speeding street-car had caught the skirt of her gown. She fell—rolled over—over. A dense crowd gathered instantly. An angry shout went up. Kitty was helped to her feet. Rice, soap, flour, coffee—all that she had striven

so hard to procure, lay scattered on the half-frozen ground. But Kitty, bruised, shocked, quivering with nervous fright, was not seriously hurt.

"Don't say anythin' to the man, gentlemen!" she pleaded. "'Twas me own fault. I do get romancin' when I'm alone. I wasn't lookin' out when I ought! 'Twas plannin' how I'd stuff the turkey for Thanksgivin' I was, when I got in the way. Sure," as some one expressed regret for her loss, "what's the vally of a few thrifles like that same!"

She would not give her name and address. She permitted herself, however, to be helped on the car she mentioned. She rode home in penniless, coffeeless, beanless state. And all the time, quite unconsciously, she gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in her fingers.

The sight of a crowd gathered before her little shanty sent her reeling onward with a cry—faint, ineffective, quavering.

Dennis! Something had happened to Dennis! Dennis had learned of her deception, and the truth had killed him!

It was Patsy Heffernan who reassured her—Patsy capering around, and yelling like an Indian. "There's a sojer—a sojer—a rale sojer in there!" he screamed.

A path was made for the tottering old figure. She got to the door. It was opened. The blackness which had descended the day previous again came before her. This time it was lit by dancing flecks of flame. She staggered—fell foward.

"Mother!" The word sounded from a vast distance. "She's coming to—mother!" Strong arms were around her. A man's face bent over her—a brave, good face, brown and rugged, with straight mouth, square chin, and eyes full of loving solicitude.

"I didn't think my surprising you would give you such a turn, mother! I was wounded a while back. I got leave with some others. I wanted to be with you and father for Thanksgiving. I got most of my back pay saved. Here, drink this wine Tim Comisky sent over. Mrs. Comisky is cooking supper. She come in with a basket just before I got here. I had Mary Alice Ryan buy our Thanksgiving dinner. I told her to get the like for Larry and herself while she was about it. What—what are you looking for?"

Their eyes met. "'Tis yourself is a skeleton, mother," he said. "We've got to get you good and hearty again." He had looked away. He kept his face turned from her. She put her arm around his neck—drew his head down to her breast.

"Rody, you—you know!"

"Oh, mother!" He could get no farther. He crushed a bit of cardboard in her hand. "Mother, if—if I hadn't come——"

"'Tis your mother's gettin' gay, Rody!" cried Dennis. "Visitin' yesterday! Gallavanin' again to-day!" He cackled joyously. "I was thinkin' she'd use all our money on carfare. Then, mebbe," laughing again at his own joke, "we might have to go to the county for help—Kitty an' me!"

"No fear of that," Rody laughed back at him. He was holding in his fond and faithful grasp the nervous hands which held some torn scraps of yellow paper. "No fear—eh, mother?"

"No—glory be to God!" cried Kitty Malone. "Glory, an'——"

Her soldier son bowed his head. "Thanksgiving!" he said.